OUNIA Magazine

"the curse of the metaverse"



inside:

The Seeds –
I was a
teenage floweroid

Brian Wilson in Hawaii

Fritz von Erich & the dreaded claw hold

and more...

Uncle Sam's

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editor's note:



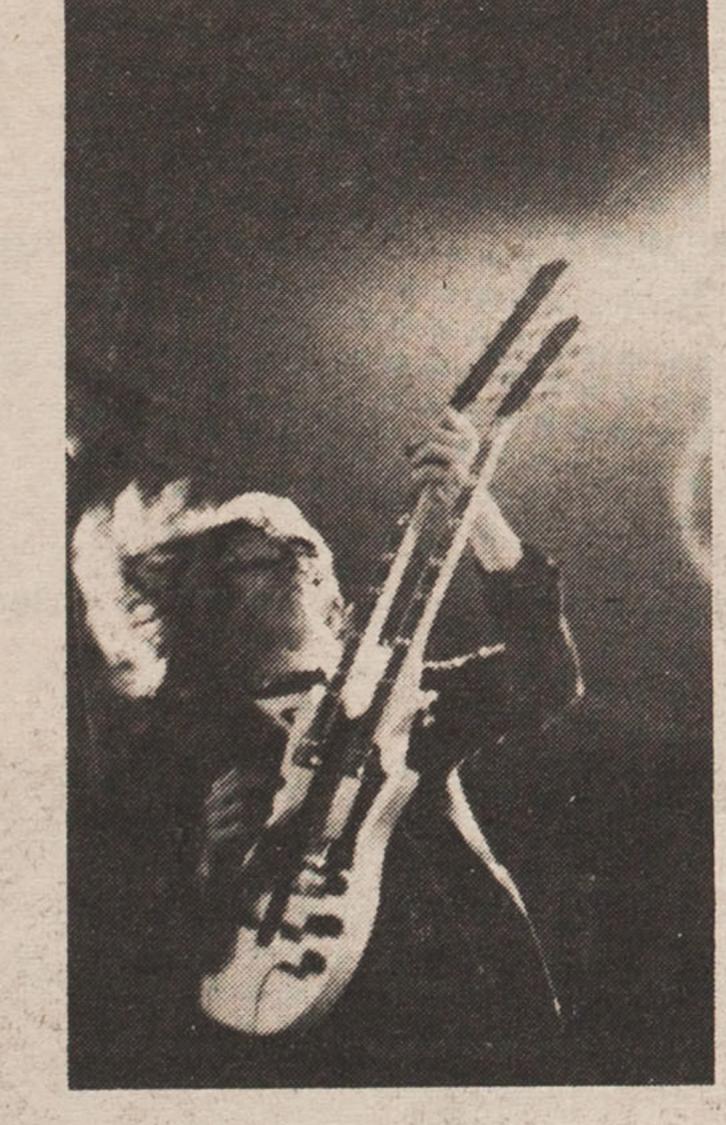
The rag you are clutching in your sweaty mitts is punk magazine, devoted mainly to rock 'n' roll, sports and anything else that isn't boring. Wimps take heed! You will find this way we want it. The legions are new forming, and soon all us tabloid boring, offensive, possibly insulting. And that's just the rockers will bury you beneath your pile of James Taylor, Cat Stevens, Grateful Dead and Moody Blues records. 'Cause the time is now and we're seizing it while most of you nod out. I've been working at The Spectrum, UB's campus newspaper, for four years now, and putting out a magazine of my own has been a long dreamed of goal, but it wouldn't have happened without the help and support of a whole bunch of people: Jo-Ann Armao, The Spectrum's Editor-in-Chief, for giving us the go ahead to do this thing, even though she probably has no idea what any of these stories are about; Jeff Greenwald, Managing Editor, for catching all the improper grammar and spelling mistakes in Fernbacher's opi, which is no mean feat; Larry McNiece, for putting this slop together and making it look like something; the production crew at The Spectrum, for doing the dirty work; and the ad staff, for doing the even dirtier work.

I think that there's a lot of neat stuff in here — from Norman Salant's ramblings and rumblings about Archie Shepp to Joe Fernbacher's manic memories of the Seeds. And if you can't handle twenty pages, grab the pull out sports section and take it to the john with you. You won't be disappointed.

It is our hope that you will find punk interesting and entertaining. Anything else you get from it is your problem.

OUNK

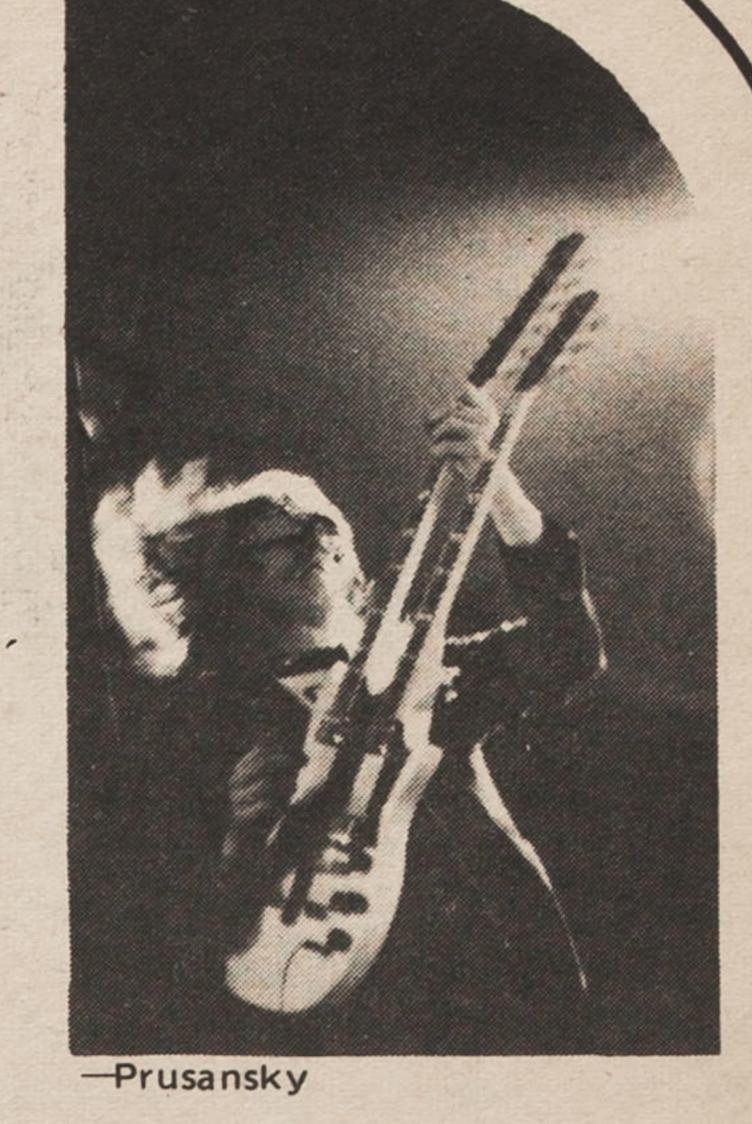
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Joe Fernbacher and Billy Altman

-Fernbacher

Uhhh. That reminds me when I was in eighth grade and under the protective wing of this chick who was a biker and hung out with this spaced out guy named Jesus, he was a local legend who got his brain splattered when his bike had a head-on with a semi, this chick was super smart, IQ over 170, the whole number, but she didn't give a fuck, cause she was a biker, one of the prototype Angels, she liked me, don't know exactly why, but we were pals, she used to sit across from me in homeroom, which was neat cause nobody was going to mess with me, cause like she was protective . . . she also wore alot of leather with silver studs and 'engineer' boots, always wanted a pair of those, and if you don't think that gave me a hard-on even in eighth grade, maybe that's why I like porno flicks and biker movies, never could understand the real reason behind that, 'cept Mona was sheer art and so was Wild Angels -

Then there were these other bikers, a rival gang, who used to capture little kids like me and take them inta a field, (it ain't there any more now, it's a Chevy plant) take off all their clothes and hang 'em up in trees, the chicks would laugh at 'em and tickle their balls and the (it was in rock 'n' roll class, yeah a rock 'n' roll class and the guys would scare 'em with switchblades and chains, and they'd leave them there and go away, and that's what the legend said anyway, never happened to me cause I was never inta fields, I spent all my time in the house watching the tube, or listening to the tube, or goin' to the movies, real cultural and all that shit, besides I knew this chick and like I said she was real protective . . .

first time I ever heard the Stooges (it was in roc 'n' he's just spent the past two years in England, where extension of their universally created theme. roll class, yeah a rock 'n' roll class and the the whole concept of the rock 'n' roll star was born. It's all about the new sense of teenhood in

and

fuckin' punk hangin' out on the streets, gettin' Angst. drunk, pukin' or just gettin' laid . . .

the absolute disposal of pure "bored" energy, the self-perpetuation of the soul, Iggy and the Stooges oatmeal visions of soft birds and little furry animals waste of violent action, and the will to raw power, have resurrected eldritch sparks with an album runnin' round in this lp and there ain't no visions of rock 'n' roll as the basic nihilistic impulse inherent in recorded in the heart of the sun and as energized and being mellow neither. all purely physical action.

group is ? and the Mysterians, a fact which shows his neighborhood, in some nameless city.



the cover was this unnoticed and sufficiently chronicled to be seeped itself, an object of art: picture of these lea- down through the populace, you know the stuff ther jacketed which let St. George kill the dragon, fairy tales, Paul hoods, and after he Bunyon, legends . . .

played 'well, it's But being the ultimate punk is a hard-on for the 1969 okay, all soul, let alone the physical being, so's Iggy's calmed across the USA/ down a bit, so they say. I don't believe a fuckin' Another year for word of it and started to tke care of his body, no thin' ta do,' and then again what could you ever do for an encore to of a firefight,' as he says. Iggy was right, that kinda conceptualization . . .

there was nothin to Nothin' probably, but so what, when you "Gimme Danger," a Morrison dirge to the do after 1969, just possess the entire essence of a stree gang like the unlimitlessness of self-destruction. There's a lot of turn 21 and never Amboy Dukes in your soul, and ya sing and create freedom involved in sheer abandon, try it sometime; have a whole lotta was nothin to do after 1969, just rock 'n' roll in its purest form, as pure body politic, do what your soul tells you to do, forget everything turn 21 and never have a whole lotta was right - pure power, ya don't need to rake your balls with a else, just FUCKIN' DO IT . . . 'Gimmie danger little' who the hell needs education? Frontal knowledge is potato peeler every night, ya jsut haveta be. The stranger let feel your disease . . .' useless in the long run, when ya could be a biker, or complete nullification of environmental boredom by maybe even a rock 'n' roll star, or maybe just a persona, angst man, real fuckin' honest-to-goodness head and ya just gotta blow your load, especially

The entire concept of punk being one based on happened is that the process continues itself, fucked in the ear, and just plain fucked. Ain't no metallic as the click swish of a switchblade opening And that sure as hell describes the fascination as it's slid from a cracked leather jacket, "You raw power, or its just not gonna be at all: 'come on for someone like Iggy Pop, besides, his favorite FUCKER!!!," in some dark alley, in some sullen

singer, pre-Janis and all, wonder what ever happened Although he's refined his initial impulse and record out in two years can step back into the studio to her, can't even remember her name, but does it prolonged his self-imposed death agonies. How? by and come out with an effort that's not only a logical really matter... No, but it does matter that the becoming a true rock 'n' roll star, and he will, 'cause progression from their last lp, Fun House, but a pure

"instructor," a certain Mr. Nesin brought out this and refined, hangin' out with glamor fucks like America today. Back in the 50's everybody was album and said that David Bowie and Louis Reed, and when ya do that scared that the BOMB was gonna be dropped any none of us would ya become a STAR, in England already established second, so they lived in fear, well, the bomb didn't ever buy it so's he and accepted, yes! Perhaps a bit legendary, in the drop any second so now nobody's afraid of it, as a was gonna play a States just biding his time, but still mythical . . . the matter of fact they live for the fear of it the bomb few cuts in class, days of peanut butter and blood not going by totally becoming an object of worship, a substitute for life

> 'I'm a sidewalkin' cheetah With a heart full a napalm. I'm the runaway son Of a nuclear A-Bomb.'

That's Iggy searchin' and destroyin' the truth me and you, an- more vicious leaps into the audience, no more cuts with a cattle prod in one hand, a whip in the other other year with no- and bruised flesh, no more man meat frenzy - but and a silver mask on his face. 'Fuckin' in the middle

Yet, Iggy essence comes to real fruitation in

So throughout Raw Power Iggy gives us audial when he does "Death Trip," a song dedicated to But that ain't what happened, not yet. What's being fucked up, fucked over, fucked in the ass,

Like Slade, the Pie, the Oysters, its gonna be baby let me take you on my death trip,' cause we was all born to lose and Iggy knows it and shows it.

-Billy Altman

I'm watching the Best of the Tonight Show one weekend night, mainly 'cause Jaye P. Morgan is on and I never miss Johnny when Jaye P. is on. I remember one night John was talking about her engagement at the Americana: "If you want to go see Jaye in her room, just go up to the tenth floor and look for the suite with the sign on the door saying' "Sailors Welcome." To which Ms. Morgan replied: "Listen, John, don't think we don't know why your hands are always underneath your little table."

Anyway, Jaye P.'s always fun when she's on. But this particular night another guest was Don Ho, who "Flew in for today's schedule just to visit." The immortal Mr. Ho came out and did "Waikiki," which is just the Ho chanting: "Waikiki, Waikiki" over and over while a film of the golden isle runs behind his superimposed face.

Don comes over to chat a bit, but befory he does, this bronze temptress comes out and dances a little. She looks better than the whole cast of Mutiny on the Bounty - y'know, when Marlon and the gang land on the island and fuck everything is sight. She puts leis on Johnny and Ed, and just as Carson's about to finger a little tit, Don says: "This is my daughter, Lei Ho." Don then approaches Jaye P. and quacks: "Jaye P., I'd like to give you a lei." Morgan replies, but the whole next five minutes is bleeped out by the censors. Ain't TV grand?

"Tiny Bubbles/ Iki Liki" and so on.

Cordoroy and argyle

you ever notice how much they resemble proceed.

approach The Beach Boys' Friends album Brian had lots of 'em. Check out "I'm Don Ho has about 40 albums out and with the proper frame of mind. It's pretty Bugged at my Old Man." on Summer Days pad in Hawaii.' End of song. A message from Brian anyway, right?

Reflecting a bit more, you can now As a reminder of hard times as teens, and slipped right by the rest of the band and Brian Wilson. comes to us as a clue that you should listen to Friends more than you do. I hear you Brian, loud and clear.

"Be Here in the Mornin" doesn't count for anything because all five Beach Boys wrote it (yeah, Bruce Johnston is pictured on the cover, but he never counted anyway), but it's a neat tune, especially when the ukelele comes in and Dennis hums along with it. "When a Man Needs a Woman" is not the Percy Sledge song, rather it's a love song written by Brian for Don on the birth of Gung, Don's eldest. When a man needs a woman, they make things like you my son.' This proves that Brian is godfather to Don's kids. What a

"Passing By" is an instrumental, probably denoting Brian's frequent incognito visits to Don's place in Waikiki. Check out the roller rink organ - Brian salutes the Tornadoes of "Telstar" fame. That's what the title of this album should have been - Don Ho Meets Telstar. Would have sold a million instead of rotting in



"Anna Lee the Healer" heals people with her hands, and Brian is 'just one of her many fans, love to feel the healin' hands of Anna Lee.' Aha, so he ain't deaf no more after all. Just a sneaky move to make a real excuse for how lousy the last few albums have been. Some yokel at Rolling Stone probably made up the whole deaf thing in the first place. All Summer Long is in real stereo, not duophonic or rechanneled. Someone must be lying, and Brian hasn't said anything in years, so it can't be him.

Need a map?

"Busy Doin' Nothin'" is a day in the life of Brian Wilson. Directions to the B.W. estate, sandbox and all, are included. Obviously, Don forgot his way and Brian is trying to help him. Later, Brian makes a phone call, possibly to Land, Don's other son. Or maybe Tally, Don's wife.

"Diamond Head" is a long instrumental on which Don himself guest stars on ukelele, getting a little solo near the end. The waves pictured on the back cover roll into view electronically, while a steel guitar and electric rockichord sweep us along with the surf.

"Transcendental Meditation" closes the record, a crafty commercial number probably created by Love and Jardine, who beat Brian till he succumbed to producing the track. Notice at the end how it doesn't fade, it just gets a lot lower all of a sudden? Brian fooled 'em again.

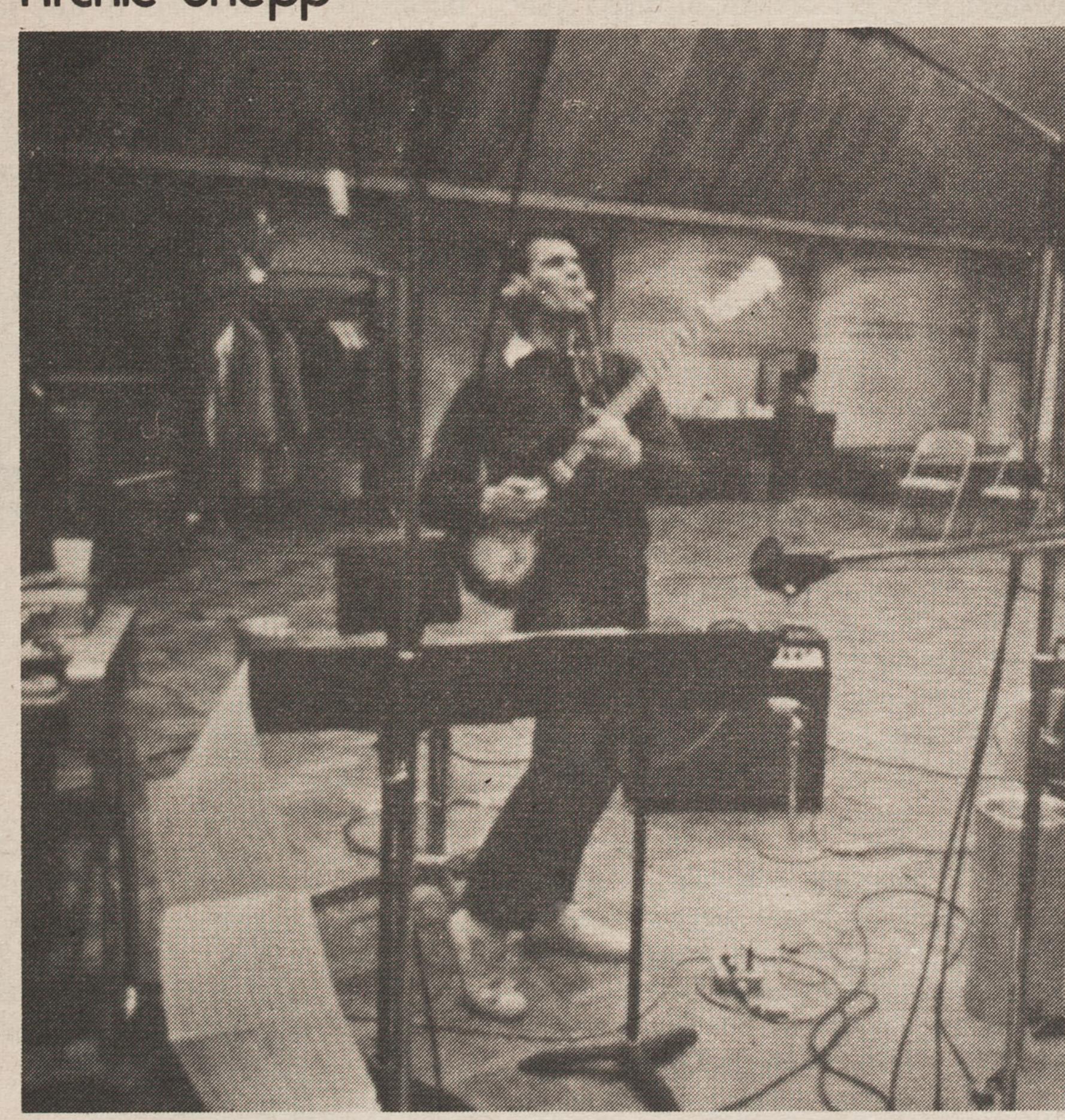
If you're still not convinced, take out nobody except maybe Jerry Vale outsells obvious from listening a few hundred times (and Summer Nights). Is this what forced Holland from the trash can and look on the him, and that's only because Vale is that this record is Brian's tribute on wax to Daddy Murray to give the Beach Boys' back. Brian never drives anything but a neighbors with Don Rickles, not just pals the king of Honolulu Bay. If you don't family secrets to the Sunrays, whom he Good Humor truck, as the cover of like Don is with Don. Don's biggest hit is believe all this, why doncha flip on the last produced? Or did they make up and record Sunflower tells you. I don't know who that probably "Tiny Bubbles," which has the cut on Side One of Smiles, namely a Beach Boys album under that name for guy is, but it ain't Brian. Hold everything! I choral group singing the English words "Little Pad," which categorically states kicks, like the Four Seasons did when they got it! BRIAN WILSON AND DON HO while he answers in Hawaiian. Y'know - that Brian's heart is in the heart of recorded the best version of a Dylan song ARE TWINS, just like Cathy and Patty Layland. 'If I only had a little pad in ever, "Don't Think Twice, It's Alright?" Duke! Maybe they interchange! Maybe Hawaii. By a sea that's where I'll build a And Frankie Valli copped all his falsetto that's why Brian does nothing on Beach Boy albums anymore. Maybe he's in Which brings me to Brian Wilson. Did tune if ever there was one. We may Next is "Wake the World," and it is only Waikiki taking Don's place while Don takes in recent times that song has a few years off to try and find some each other? Both are rather large sized, "Friends," the title cut, is about the resurfaced as part of "All This is That" on clothes that'll look good on him. Then he'll with middle-60's Beatle bang haircuts and little known boyhood relationship between the Carl and the Passions Ip, meatly join the Beach Boys, who won't know the slightly slanted eyes. And they even sound Brian and Don: 'I talked your folks out of packaged with Pet Sounds to divert your difference, and the next B. Boy single will alike when they sing. And they both dress making you cut off your hair." Why this is attention from Brian's cry for help. The be "Yaaka Hula Hickey Dula," and it'll be why both of them have the same hairstyle! little vocal riff from 'Wake the World' number one in the world. Smart guy, that





punk magazine. Page five

Archie Shepp



John McLaughlin

vanity rains

-Norman Salant

Which is more important, the album or the concert? A value judgement, yes, but of value nonetheless. A case in point: The decadent aprophytes. Yes, they have "sold Creative Milkshade, left over from Vanity out to commercialism in order to best Rains. The example is proud and exploit the mindless throngs of our conflicted, torn in strife about its last youth." RECOIL FROM BIZARRE performance, a slipshod happening where everything went wrong, it didn't groove so

thinking of splitting for the coast, and the lead guitarist is out back, throwing up in the garbage can. Their manager berates them for being so stupid: "Stick to the album cuts. None of that fancy stuff."

They are confused, their role is not so clear anymore. Are they musicians or entertainers? Of course, if you can't cut it piss in a familiar bathroom. Of course as one, then you may as well try for the there's noting to see, but you can keep the other. Somewhere in the middle is suicide.

For people and gods

Clearly, to a musician, the concert is what it's all about. To play, for people and going out and getting blasted by sound, or for gods, experiment and work, keep digging. To get together and play whatever you feel like any way you like, just getting something special. It's a festival. It's a deeper and deeper into it. If you're good grand time. Compared to Queen Oscar's enough. That's important. Some can do it, Sweatshop For Dilettantes, it's sweet-show some pretend, and some are completely biz. out of it. And if you ever saw the Mahavishnu Orchestra play, if you ever saw Security and control Coltrane, then you can understand the Orchestra can do.

albums in any way, but a Coltrane concert! is a lie. Back in the 50's, Calvin Massey was walking down the street and passed by a It's a song that's been cut up, pieced club where Trane was playing. The sound together, twisted, edited. Shortened, carried to the outside, Trane was on alto, intensified, rearranged, not the way it's and not since Charlie Parker had he heard anybody play like that.

remembers the "incredible phrasing," and more subtle like Miles at the Fillmore, the what a challenge it was to try to imagine ultimate in tape splicing for a psychedelic what he would do on the drums to yown. accompany it. "It was so full, so complete, there was very little room for anything else to happen," at which point he cracks up marketing," the media-cut. Also left off over the implications of his remark.

Braxton went down to see this guy everyone was talking about, and after a little while he couldn't stand it any more. "It was too many notes." It practically no event formalities. No lobby, ushers, or drove him out of the club. But just as he turnstiles. No tickets. You pay as you walk was leaving, the song ended and Coltrane in, and find a table. The atmosphere is not went into a ballad - Anthony was hooded to excite you but to relax you. The band is

Live turntables

Sure, you can get some idea of what it was like from his records, but you miss the you are, you're very close - the whole experience, the transcendental experience sense of distance between performers and which has to be felt, not imagined. So it audience is gone, and you find yourself would appear that the concert wins. But having a definite effect on the not all concerts are like those described environment. An epileptic in The Fillmore above. Very common in rock culture are would go practically unnoticed, but not so concerts turning out to be super-amplified at the Revilot in Buffalo.

turn-tables, with some menial theatrics, eccentrics, and stomach-turning egotisms, not to mention the cult-inspiring cliches and dimwits, the tubercular pseudopods of

Rock concerts invariable end with cries now they're uptight about their next show. for an encore, but if they really wanted an What happened was that they tried to encore they wouldn't leave, if they really do something new, something different, cared, because that's the way it works and it didn't work. The drummer is you can't be supplicant/ the time's to be

> It's not lovely, and you would do just as well to stay home and put on a record. You could be perfectly comfortable, eat what you want, and control the atmosphere. Bliss. You can lay down, smoke without getting flashlighted, and lights on and read or watch TV, you get the power.

> But I'm forgetting the most important thing - the novelty of it, the occasion of whatever, the excitement of the masses in close quarters, the energy of partaking in

So it's up in the air. Records areneat. difference between a concert and an They're secure. They offer you control and album. The Inner Mounting Flame is a music in a package. They also are deceptive mere sampler of what the Mahavishnu with electronic alterings, double-tracking, overdubbing, and most importantly, And Coltrane! Not to deprecate the editing. The other stuff is valid, but editing

It gives a false impression of the music. played. Maybe it's "Light My Fire" without the organ break, or "Let It Be" Elvin Jones, on his first hearing, with a different guitar solo. Or maybe

Jazz has it worse than most, because of the longer solos, which get "trimmed for the finished product would be the more Power is what it is, pure force. Anthony experiemental moments. Mr. Producer don't take no chances.

A jazz date in a club is totally different than a rock concert in a theatre. There are not far away or lit up, with booming sound systems and cavernous echoes.

It's a room, not an arena, so wherever

Usually there's no emcee or special everybody's moving kind of slow and stiff, song – two years ago it was Karma, then – tired and drawn, a blank look. Then, about it. Black Unity:

Welcome to the Revilot Welcome to the Revilot Welcome to the Revilot

Blacks for Unity Blacks for Unity Black Community

the way, never did make it onto the Live makes an announcement. At The East album, there is a distinct latin flavor as Pharoah leans back and howls skyword:

'AGHHHHHHH got no TV! AGHHHHHHH got no TV! AGHHHHHHH got no TV! AGHHHHHHH Lumkili! AGHHHHHHH Lumkili! woo woo, boop!boop!boop! -yeah yeah HEEEYYYYYYY

HEEEYYYYYYY Jabol HEEEYYYYYYY Jabol HEEEYYYYYYY Jabol HEEEYYYYYYY Jabol woo woo, boop!boop!boop!

Amazing.

Can you mike intensity?

There are other things that the records don't catch. The depth of the tone, for one, and there is yet to be built a microphone or tape recorder that can swallow the full frequency and intensity of his screams. The force can knock you off your chair or make mincemeat of your insides. Experience it. In the new Society, when our day comes, everyone will be required to see Pharoah Sanders at least once, also read Sometimes a Great Notion, listen to Transition and the "Rite Of Spring," blow a low note out of a tenor saxephine, fast for two weeks, and get laid at an early age. Watch out for frost heaves and loose marbles, and check out Stanley Clarke if you can.

Another thing, Records are purely audio, whereas concerts are iaudiovisual. This brings another element into the picture - theatrics. Aside from a concert, you get a show. Alice Cooper, Iggy, Hendrix, Al Green, The Who; that's

After all, what did you thing rock'n'roll was, music?Sha Na Na without their stage act? Ridiculous. And from the other side of the fence, why do you think MIles DAvis wears tight whites and spangles?The Art Ensemble Of Chicago makes top-rate records, but it's a different scene onstage with war paint and masks. And Shepp!

lighting, Pharoah just walks on and fidgets, and the lights are dimful of shadows like an

there are great spaces in the music, and you

realize it's not too together.

An off-night, you speculate, but you

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are joins in, stopping to pick up Beaver's what is beginning to look like the Jast listening to some of thee greatest musicians drumsticks (which he dropped), and the set stronghold of the Supertenors. And so in thee world!" Cracks up. "Fuck it. Fuck swings on into the night it all." Walking back to the bar, he sees laughter and says: "If you can't have fun, what's it worth? Cracks up.

"Phone call for William Harris."

No answer.

"Hey Beaver, there's a phone call, long No answer.

> "Hey Beaver!" "Just a minute, wait a minute." "It's long distance, Beaver."

"I'll be right there."

So he staggers off with the help of a then suddenly there's music, nonstop for oldtime movie. The music isn't preceeding friend, but five minutes later he still hasn't about an hour as songs are linked together too rapidly, either, with a noticable lack of made it, stopping to talk with the people by individual solos, then into the theme energy and drive. Next you notice the faces he meets on the way, until he forgets all

Silent stare -

The break last about an hour, and the can't put your finger on it. There's Jimmy next set begins, but no sign of Garrison, Garrison, totally involved in his bass like who's laughing it up at the bar. Shepp there's noone else there, as he acts out each stands at the head of the bandstand, note, constant motion under a troubadour looking out to the back, straight at him, sombrero, drunk out of his mind. And the but he's ignored. Garrison enjoys his Beaver, having his troubles at the drums, company, a couple of nice-looking women. barely able to keep time, barely able to Shepp, tough, intimidating, immobile, Sung by Pharoah A Sanders in his best keep his seat - missing the cymbal, missing stand silently. Garrison picks up the stare, Frank Sinatra style, then continuing along the drums, losing his balance. Stoned. assumes a mocking pose, breaks into a described is a rarity, and chances are that if the lines of soulful vocals, the current Shepp, as the leader, tries to make dance, taunting the solemn figure onstage, you ever go to see Archie Shepp you'll be theme song, "Lumkili" - also known to something out of the set, but it slowly cracks up. But the set begins without him, treated to some of the best jazz being some circles as "Jabol Jabol" - which, by dwindles to noting. Break time. Garrison and he mumbles; "Allright, allright," all played these days. He ranks with Sanders, the way up to the bandstand, picks up and Rollins, Gato Barbieri, and Frank Wright in

And now, with apologies or whatever is

matinee audience at a club. "Are you musicians in the process.

trying to scare somebody? she asked

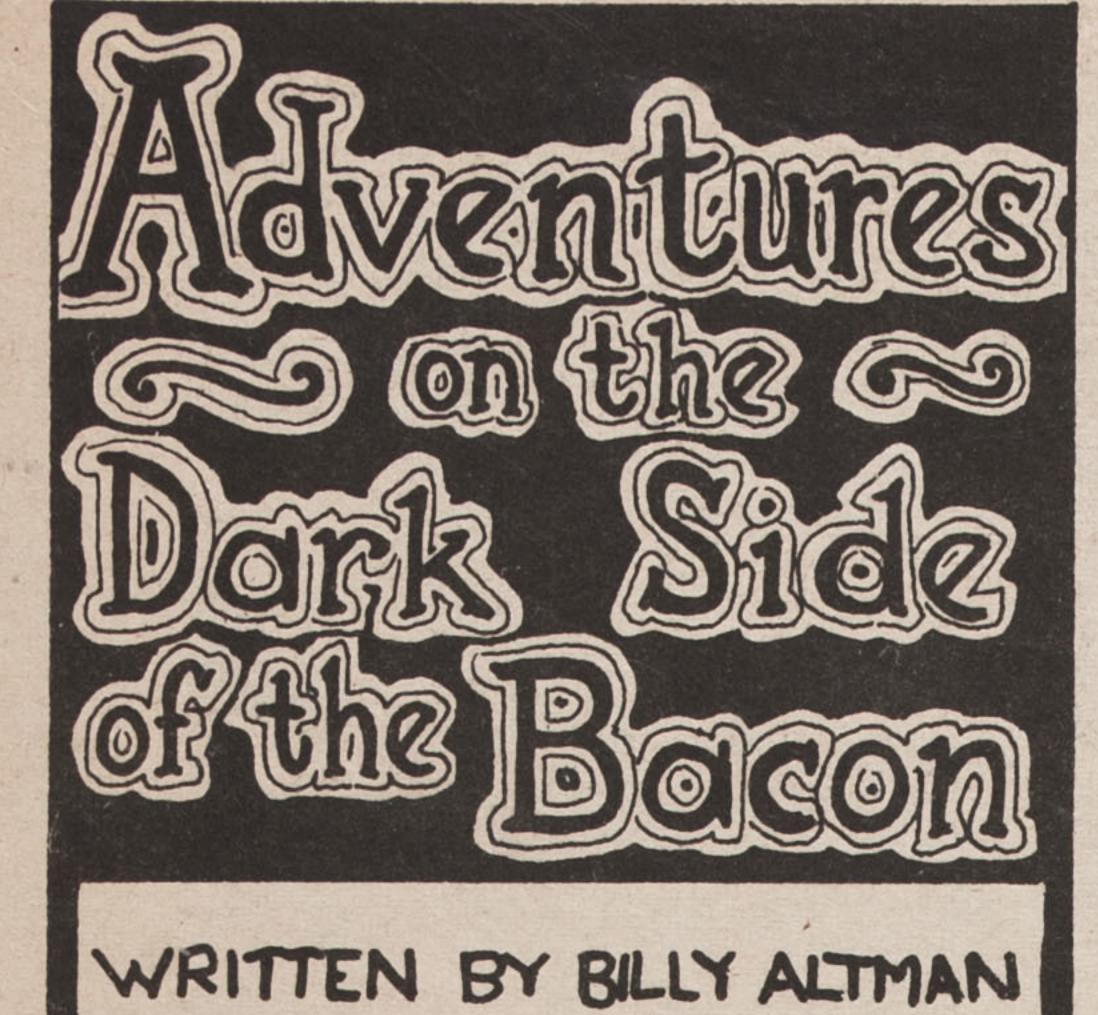
of the handsome, softspoken Shepp. "It's theater!" he proclaimed to her grandly. "You can't go in there without the magic of illusion. You know, when you talk to God, you must come out in your colors. You can't just meet the day any kind of way. You've got to dress up for it. And I like hats. I change them all the time. The illusion of theater ... Whenever you see a performer, you're watching the performer. It's visual. It's a happening. Life is a happening, but you must live it!"

Rest assured that a show like the one

You'd never know all this simply b supposed to be said, here is a quote from lintening to records. You'd never know all Shepp's 'Live In San Francisco album liner this simply by going to concerts. Yes, the inevitable conclusion is that you have to listen to records and go to concerts, and in - A 10 year old girl timidly this way you will not only get educated inquired of him why he assumed a and enlightened, but the money you spend fiercely distorted visage adorned with will go a long way towards supporting the tinted yellow glasses and a beret pulled music industry in this world, and, with a low as he seemingly stalked the little luck, you may help out a few starving



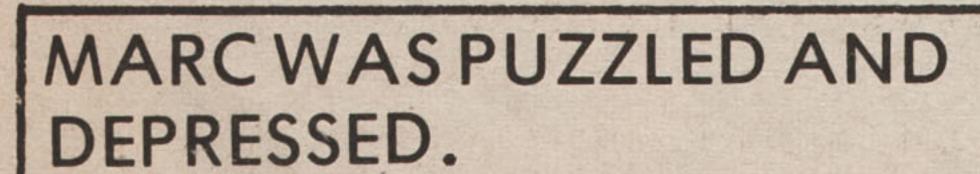
The first thing you notice is that Roswell Rudd and Pharoh Sanders





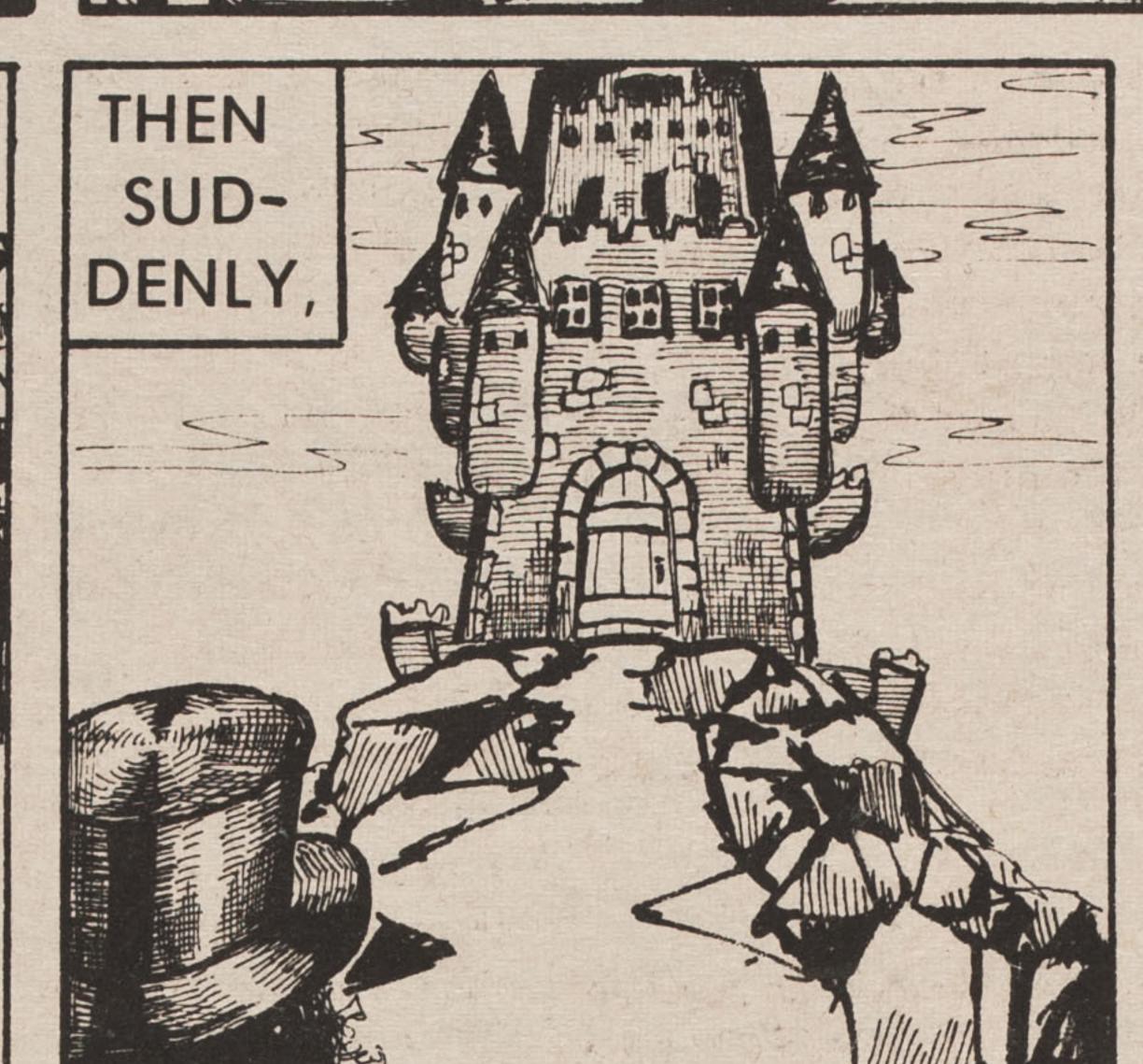


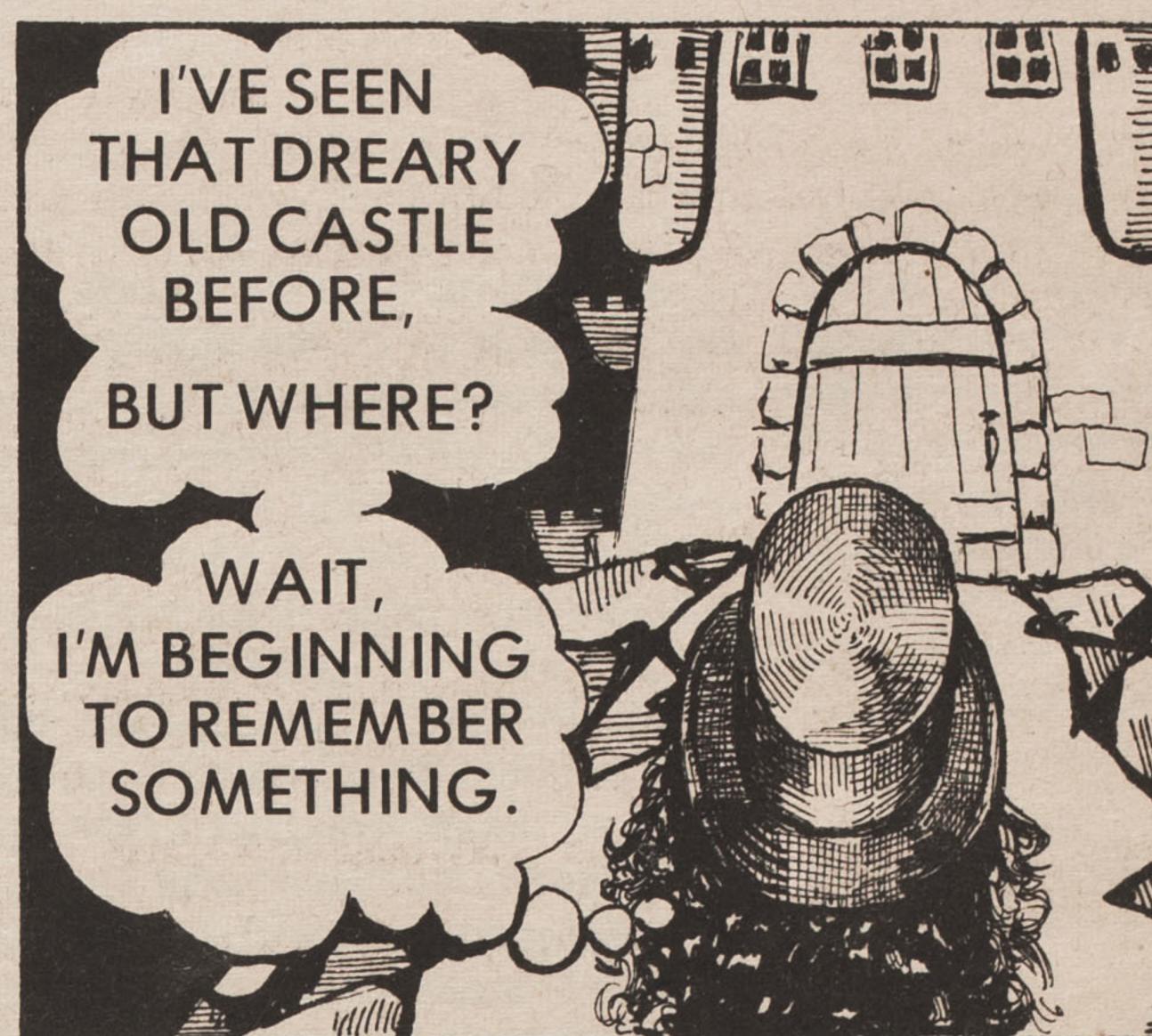




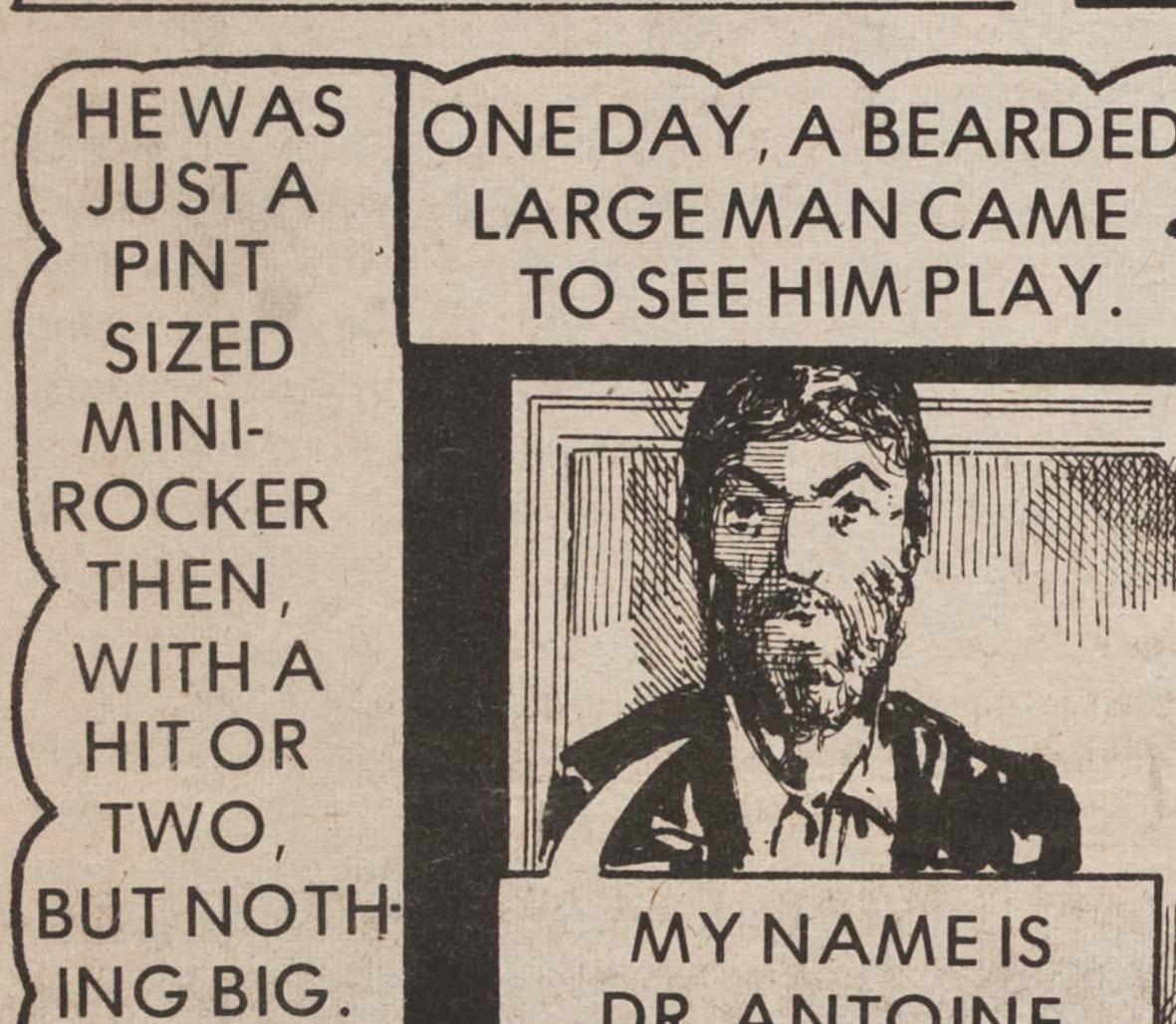


THE LONDON SUBURBS FOR HOURS (IN DISGUISE, OF COURSE) AND BEFORE HEKNEW IT, HE WAS LOST.





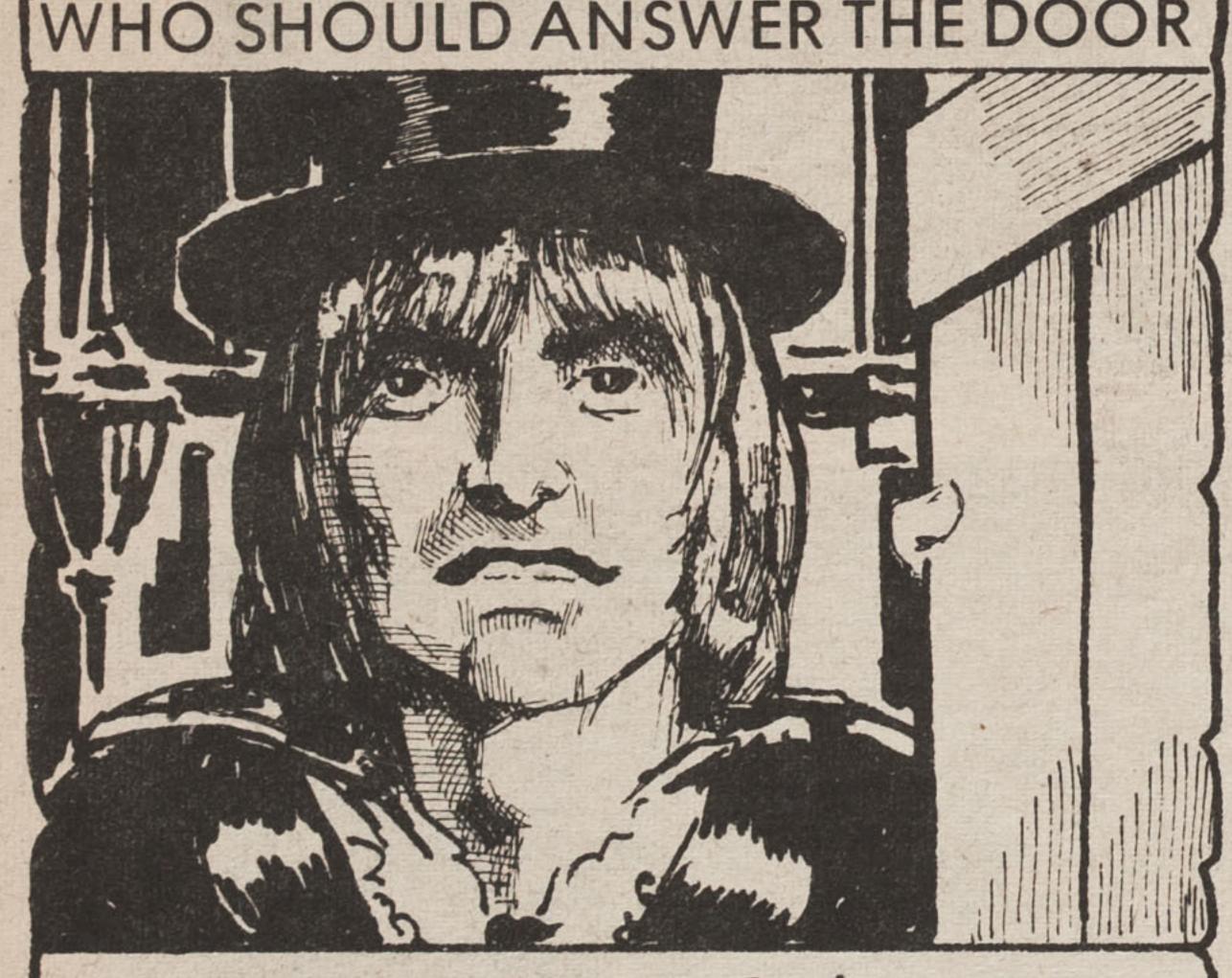
OF SEEING ING CASTLE BROUGHT BACK THE MEMORIES INSIDE HIMSELF FOR OVER



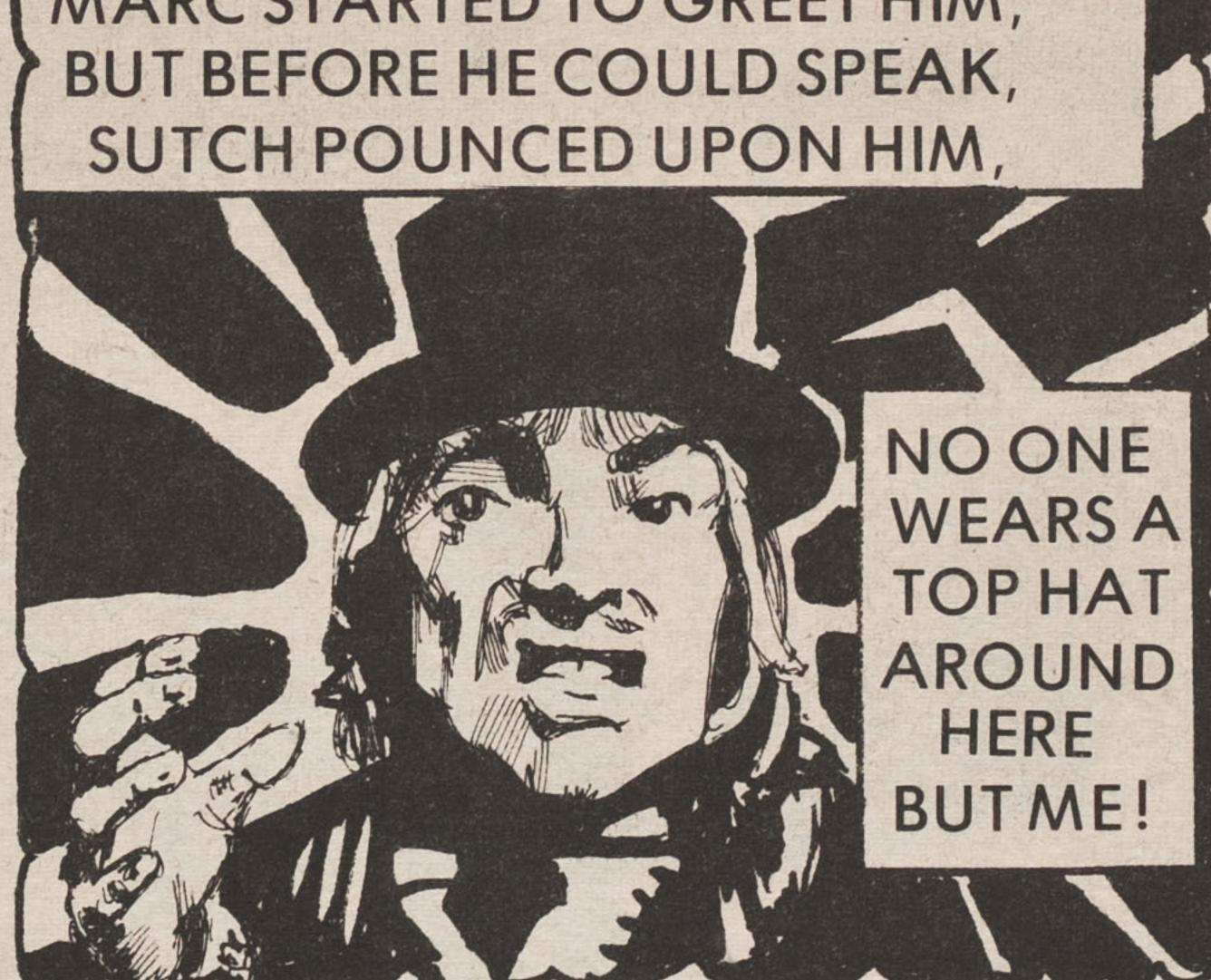






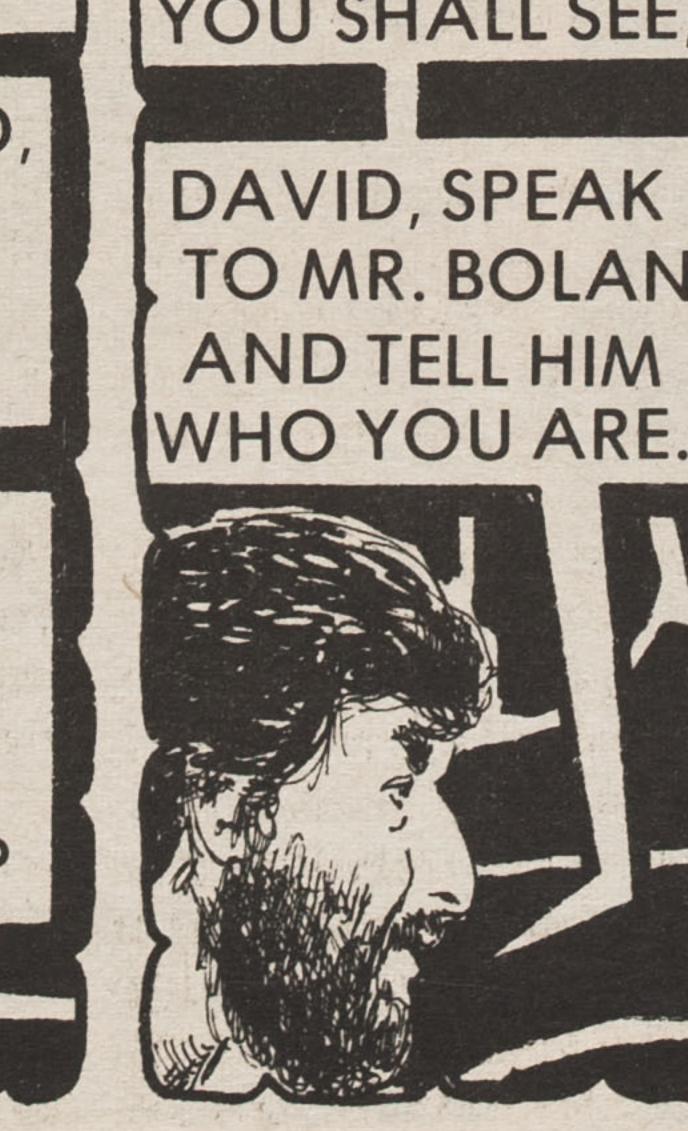


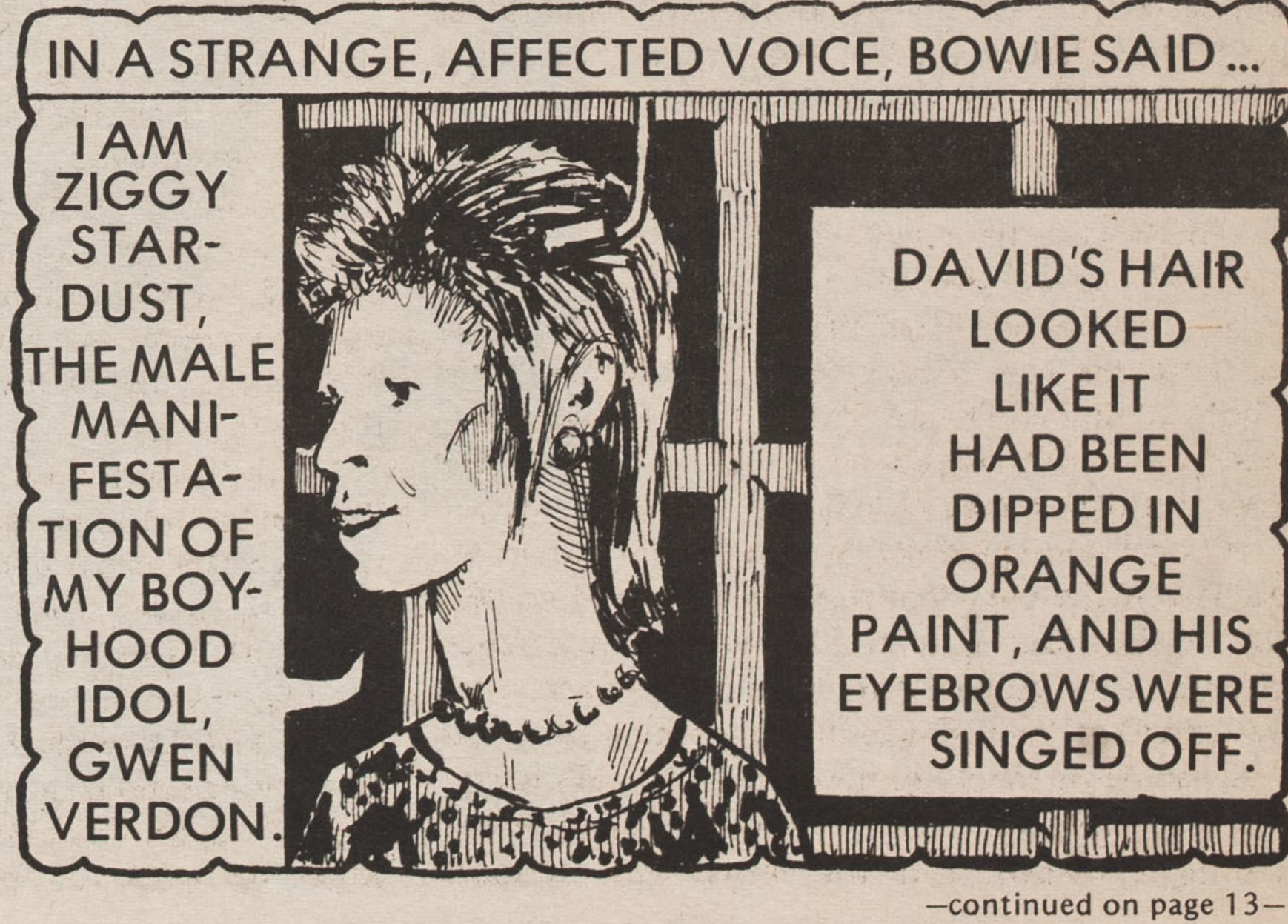








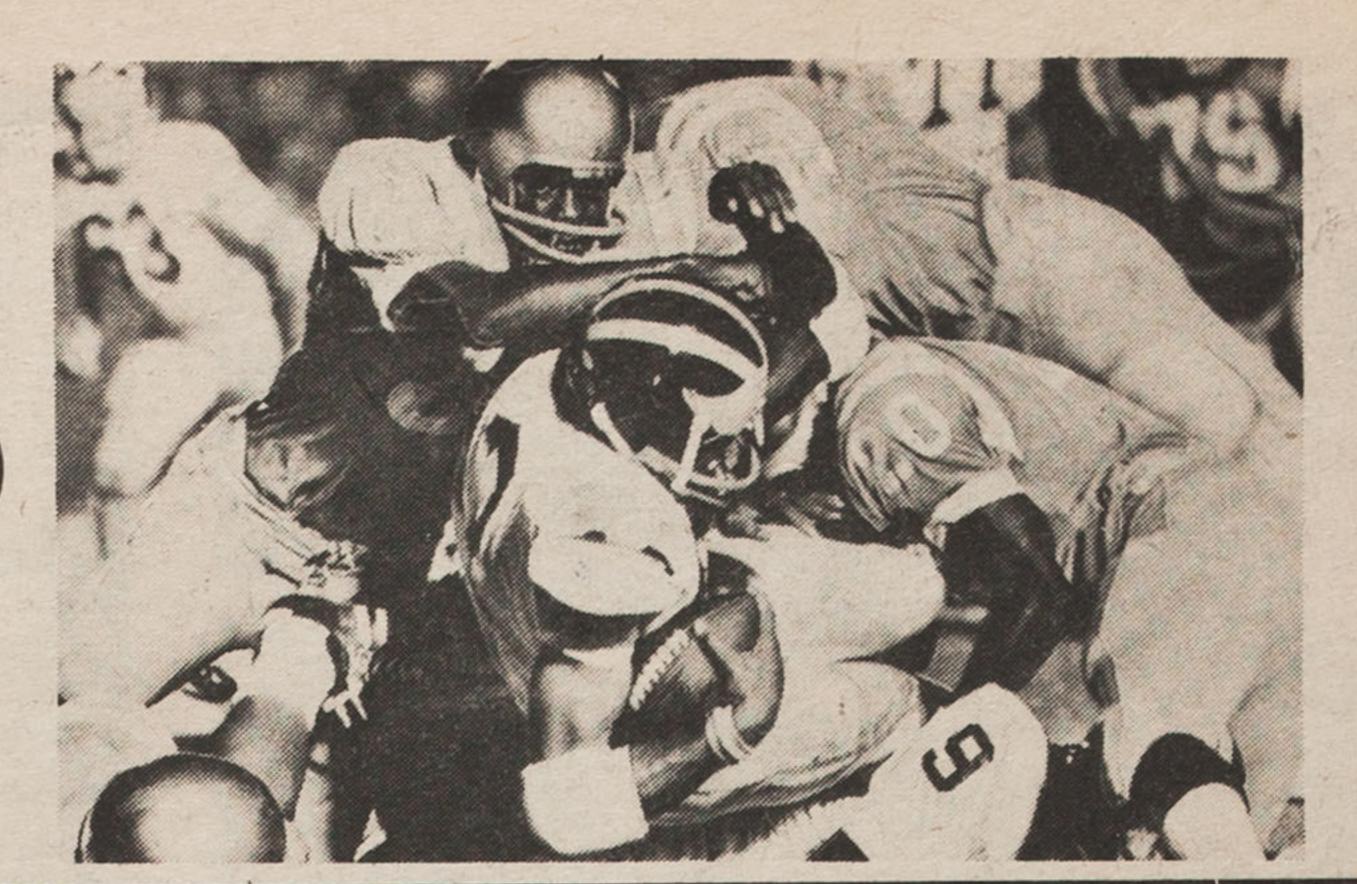




-continued on page 13-



pull-out centerfold



steel on lee

-Billy Altman

every year, so why not the Flyers?

cheer about, they may have a lot of rock 'n' roll him. Such is life. history abounding but all their sports teams reek. Steve Carlton could win 50 games a year and the Wyrocub or Yroczub Phillies would still be fighting the Expos for last Don is the center on the Sabres checking line, the Habs speak French. trade that put him in a Phillies uniform.

Pepsi and pucks

Dick, but that's okay 'cause folks in Philly probably Blueshirt in front of the net. are so dumb they don't realize it's the same guy. balcony dwellers of the Spectrum. What a town!

The Sabres, however, are a different story and who wants to score on the road? entirely. Hockey had always been a A-1 sport in the Ranger farm team in their last few years of Ham and just loves to hit people. Off the ice, he's a nuthin'. existence. The Bisons were sponsored by the Pepsi Cola bottling company of Buffalo and Joan Crawford owns Pepsi, so how could they lose?

The uniforms had giant Pepsi styled bottle caps on the jerseys, red, white and blue, and the word Buffalo or Bisons, depending on whether the lads were at home or away, was written in the familiar Pepsi logo script. In fact, the Sabres use these very same uniforms for team scrimmages. (Meltzer better hurry and pick one up for his collection.) The Bisons won the league championship in their last year, so of course the stage was set for the newly formed Sabres to win the town over.

Make mine gutsy

This they have done in three short years, due in part to the absolute suckiness of the Bills and the Braves. The Bills will have a new stadium next year, but they still have no offensive or defensive line and probably never will and by the time they do, O.J. will be over the hill anyway. But a new stadium can work wonders, you know, and they might win some games in the suburban stadium simply because folks in the suburbs don't relate to anything and they'l cheer them on no matter what happens.

The basketball Braves are doomed mainly because this is a steel city and the fans would rather see Roller Derby anyday than some tall goons non-contacting it up. When you wear a helmet all day, you want to see people mangled when it's sports time.

That's why the minor league baseball team, also creatively named the Bisons never made it, even though they were a Mets farm team and on a given day both Sherman "Roadblock" Jones and Clarence "Choo Choo" Coleman could be playing. Marv Right on, Derek! Thornberry even played here and more than once struck out with the bases loaded.

Choo Choo could catch any pitch thrown in the dirt. It was the ones that came in on a fly that gave him trouble. But like that other famous catcher, in bringing Astroturf to the battle fields of sport. when he tries to skate up ice with it, but he so Scotty Bowman better watch it from now on.

When's plastic ice gonna become a reality?

But if Bill Flett has a beard, Don Luce has an redline. The Buffalo Sabres hockey team made the Afro and that's much better. Don Luce had about 30 Stanley Cup play-offs this year, and it's only their breakaways this year and never scored on any of 'em Sabres, and he's the best looking guy on the team third year of existence. The Canadiens mighta beat until the fourth playoff game against the Habs. As a besides being a good center and a top scorer. He 'em four games to two, but it's clear that Punch, Joe matter of fact, in a game against those same Flyers, plays with Jim Lorentz, who scored 30 goals this and the gang and gonna be right up there for years to Darling Don had a breakaway with an empty net season and will never score that many again, I come. And the Flyers of Philadelphia, the home of (Doug Favell had been removed) and HE STILL cream cheese, finished second this season in the MISSED. He was awarded with a goal, however, West. 'Course that ain't sayin' all that much 'cause because half the Flyer team threw their sticks at him someone's gotta finish second in back of Chicago from the bench. BUT THEY ALL MISSED! But rules are rules, and you can't throw a stick at a guy Connection, with Gil Perrault, Rene Robert and God knows Philadelphia needs some team to who has a breakaway with an empty net in front of

place. Just remember that in '69, when the Mets ably winged by Larry Mickey and Craig Ramsey, took it all, Carlton was on the Red Birds and struck who wears a helmet 'cause he's chicken. Randy curse out Claude Provost and Henri Richard from in out 19 Mets and still lost. This super feat led to the Wyrocub wore a helmet and he got sent to the back of the penalty box at the old Garden. I have minors, mainly because no one could pronounce his boycotted the New Garden. Who wants to go to a name right, though that hasn't given the Rangers game and be able to see everything from any seat? Walter Tzackuk much of a problem. No matter how You gotta stand up and strain your neck if you want Ritchie Allen has had to change his name to you pronounce his name, he's great at feeding any to feel like a part of the action.

Butch Deadmarsh was traded because he could Roger rooster Cowboy Bill Flett is the Flyer with the beard, and never make it with a dippy name, and he knew it, accordingly he was voted sexiest Flyer by the loyal too. He almost never scored, and when he did, no the playoffs to act grownup, but the Mahovlich one bothered to notice. It was usually on the road, brothers, Frank and Pete, both left their hair short,

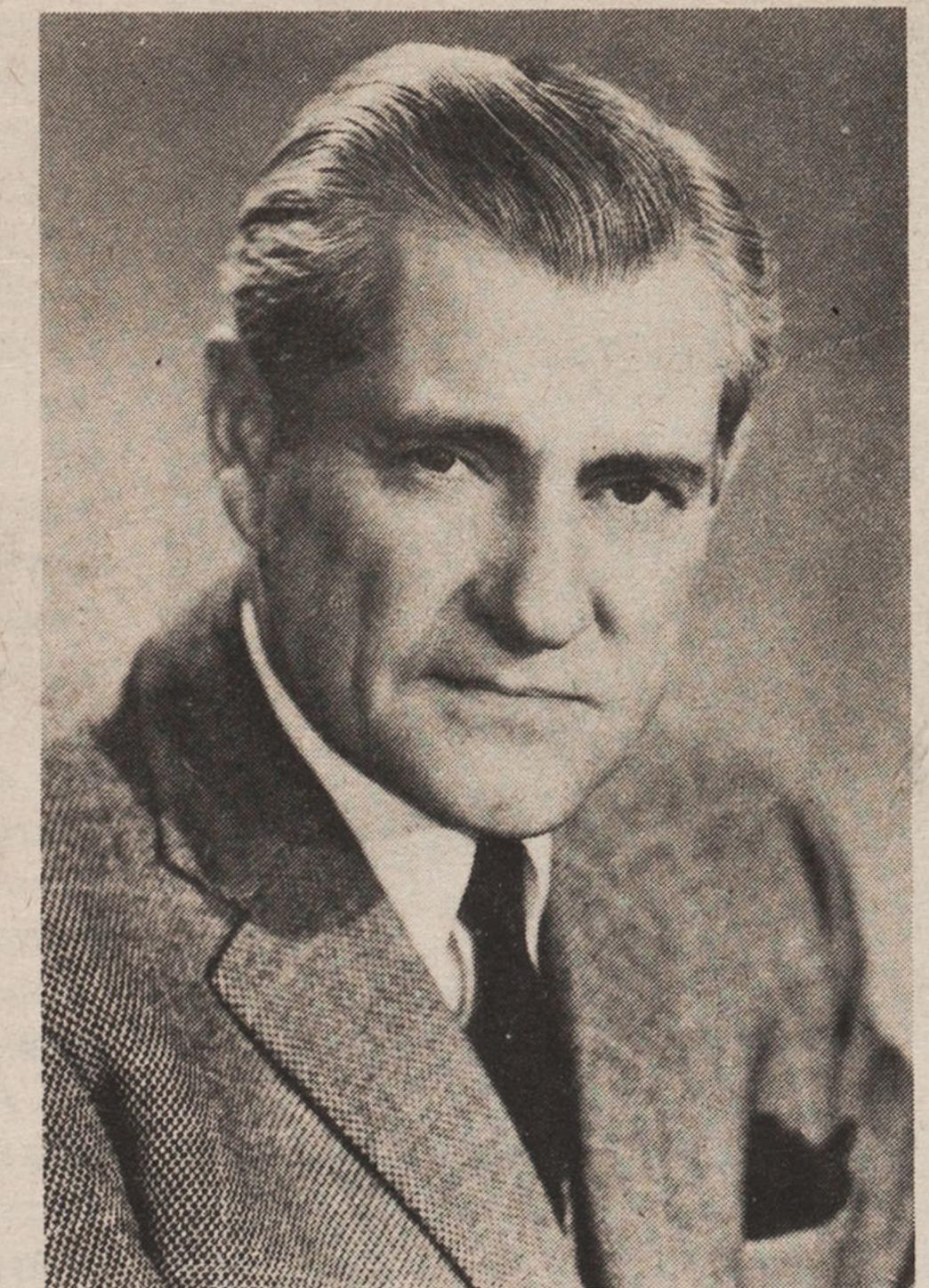
backskates great and can shoot on net from the

Gerry Meeham is the soft spoken captain of the promise you. A few guys share the left wing on that line, but nobody really fits in cause they're all ugly and Meehan and Lorentz are both snappy dressers.

The big line is, of course, the French Rick Martin. Though they're all from Quebec, they speak English fairly well. But on the ice, they speak French to try and crossup the opposition. This proved unsuccessful in the Canadien series, 'cuase all

I learned French in high school just so I could

Perrault and Robert both grew moustaches for so it was a stalemate. Rick Martin is a cutie and will Surely not Jim Schoenfeld, the rookie never grow a moustache, just like Red Gilbert of Queen City, especially when the Bisons were the defenseman who's a dead ringer's Pete New York. It's groom and clean for both men or





Eric Severeid, left and Wayne Hillman, Larry's brother, on the right. Notice Wayne's arm around Ralph Backstrom as he apologizes for checking the puck away. No doubt older sibling Larry's influence.

recording star, with an album called Schoeny that "has sold over 10,000 copies in the Buffalo area 'cause he ain't got much hair on his head. Ulcers and alone," as they say during the play by play. Of injuries have taken their toll on the Dodger, who's so course, where else is it gonna sell? Do Bruins fans neurotic that he has a neck twitch. Just watch him give a shit about Jim Schoenfeld's singing talents? He when play's in the other end. He looks like a rooster. beat up Wayne Cashman in Boston. They probably eat his album for breakfast, or maybe at Derek but never a winner. At least he won the Con Smythe Sanderson's bar, which I hear is a hooker haven.

Tim Horton is 43, but you'd never know it. He's the Walter Cronkite of the Sabre defense, with over Severeid, always stone faced and grim, even when he the playoffs. scores, which ain't often. He's from the old school of

Roger Crozier don't bother with hair sprays

Roger is that Y.A. Tittle of hockey, always great trophy for playoff MVP in '66 when he was a wing. But don't forget that Donn Clendennon won the MVP in the '69 World Series and he was through a year later. Crozier just keeps goin' though, and he twenty years' experience going. Larry Hillman is Eric was one of the main reasons the Sabres made it to

Dave Dryden is the other goalie and he's Ken's Yogi Berra, he could hit more foul home runs than defense, never go past the blue line. Tracy Pratt has brother, so we had the same setup as the Boyer boys, any other ball player, and that's nothing to sneeze the neatest name on the team and also had the best Ken and Clete, in the '64 Series. The Cards won that at. Speaking of sneezing, how could Ron Hunt play plus minus ratio of any Sabre defenseman during the one, so how could Montreal lose to the Sabres? They if he was allergic to dust? I bet he was instrumental regular season. Mike Robataille often loses the puck didn't but the Sabres will be there again next year,

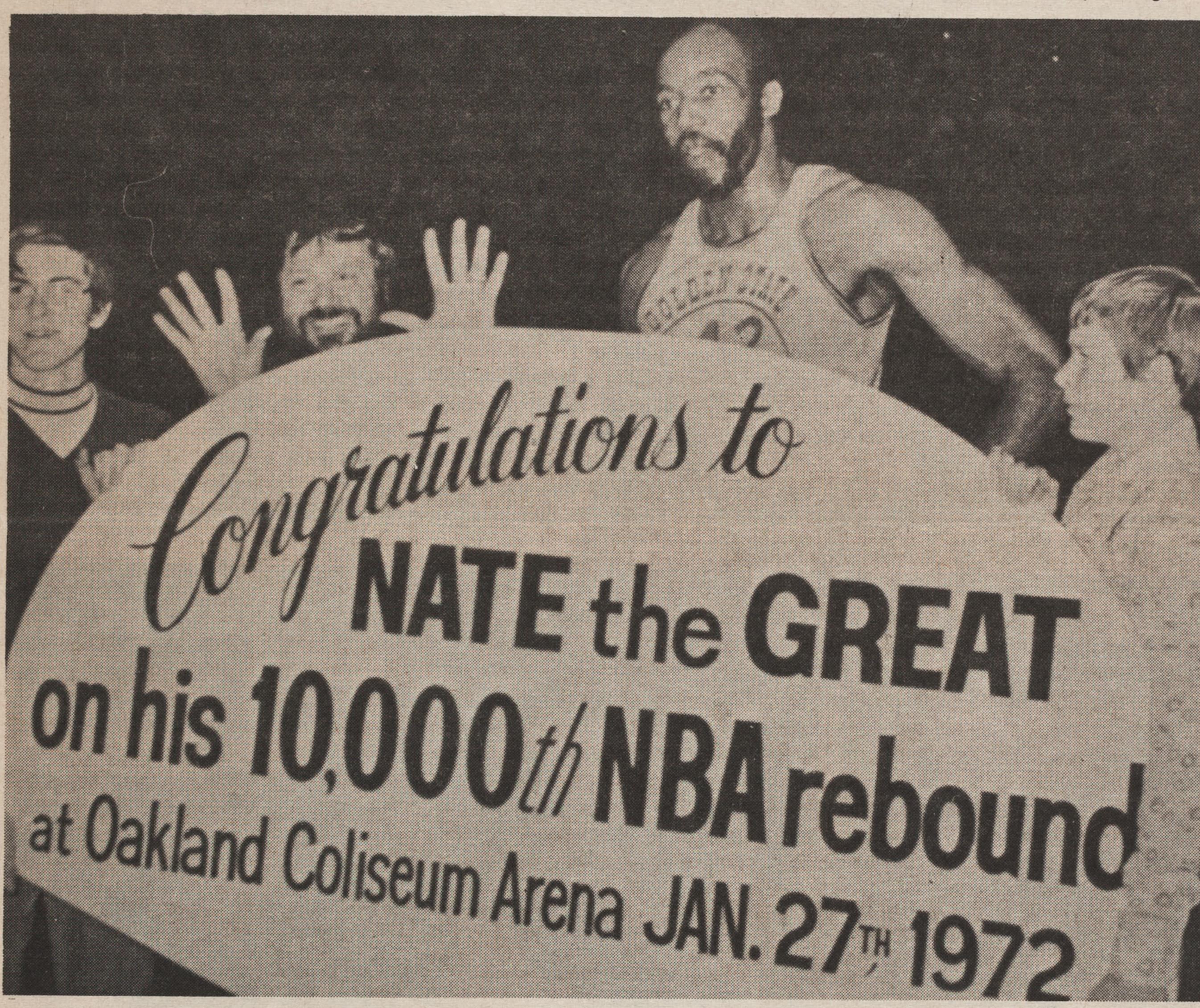
lost battalion

-Terry Bromberg

Lost Batallion Recreation Center. It was erected, out next time you watch a game from there, the Celtic obviously, as a monument to a batallion of Marines who rims have a distinctively different ring to them than any were missing in action during the Korean War. Sort of an other's I've every heard) to every last hair on Auerbach's unknown soldier trip. And not only did me and Welu and balding pate. Lox and B.W. play there, but the Knicks used to practice there also. Every Monday morning, schedule permitting, Conspiracy cabs would pull up and out would step Dollar Bill and Dave the Rave and Bells, plus more unknown hoopsters has always been run simply for the betterment and like Henry Akin and Emmetter Bryant. All except Willis, enhancement of the Boston Celtics. Preposterous you say? he lived in Park City, he'd drive over himself.

They'd practice for a few hours, maybe run a scrimmage, and then go in and shower while we took over. of a forward a few years ago, the Bullets seemed a little All except for Howard "Butch" Komives. He always had to willing to part with Bailey Howell, an all-pro forward. And who do you think the Celtics gave up for old Bailey wouldn't even do it are a side backet it had to be a local wouldn't even do it on a side basket, it had to be the Sam Jones? Wrong. K.C.? Wrong again. Not even Don center court. Now anyone who has ever tickled the twines Nelson. It was Mel Counts, in one of the most blatantly in a gym knows the significance of the center hoop as underhanded deals ever made. opposed to the side ones, so here was Komives, a shitty guard at best (he even sits on the bench for Queentown's lowly Braves), tying up one of the two crucial baskets in Embry suddenly, out of nowhere, became available. the gym. I hate him to this day.

Now Cazzie was a different story altogether.



Golden State Warrior center Nate Thurmond is shown here celebrating his 10,000th rebound. That's Warrior's owner, Franklin Mieuli, with the beard he grew when Rick Barry jumped to the ABA. He said he wouldn't shave it off till Rick came back, which he did, so why does he still have it?

All-American at Michigan (although I knew the Knicks had made a mistake the day they drafted him over Dave Bing) Thurmond jumping also and cleanly swatting the ball and all that, but he sure treated us nice. He'd come down away, something not often done to the Dipper. Now that on his own, mostly on Saturdays, run wind sprints (Caz is Thurmond, he's a class ballplayer. He's never played for a one dynamite shooter but quick he's never been) and do really great team so he has never gotten all the recognition some exercises. Then he'd check out the side baskets, see he deserves, but man is he tough. You think Willis was which was least crowded and go over and shoot. It would good, I mean in the old days, well if the Knicks had Nate, usually start with him shooting as much as everyone else, they's never lose. Not ever. but when everyone realized who he was, Cazzie had himself a slew of rebounders. He would shoot for a while, then return the basket to us. We felt big about helping him out, whereas no one ever wanted to rebound for the no one can take me away from the boys from the Golden

Ticket, what ticket?

Recently, I was in San Francisco and caught a Warrior-Laker game. Afterwards, I hung out and caught up with Cazzie (having been traded to the Warriors for Jerry Lucas) in the parking lot. I explained to him that I was an old rebounder of his and we spoke for a while and then

But when it comes to disliking sports folks I don't whole other story.

think I ever hated one guy as much as I hate the Celtics. Hate, man I absolutely despise everything about them, When I was younger, we used to shoot hoops at the from the sound of the rims in Boston Gardens (check it

Why the hatred? It stems from the fact that the NBA Watch the evidence pile up:

Exhibit A - When the Celtics were is desperate need

Exhibit B - When Russell's career were nearing its end and the Beantowners needed a backup center, Wayne Getting the picture? Yes, we see.

Exhibit C - A more recent example. The Pheonix Suns signed Charlie Scott when he jumped from the ABA, and since the Celtics owned the rights to him, the biggest Celtic lackey of them all, Walter Kennedy, awarded Paul Silas to them in payment for the rights to Scott. Now Silas is a tough, experienced forward and a dynamite rebounder. Exactly what the Celtics needed to make them a first place club. Beginning to make sense?

Exhibit D - Bill Russell had led the University of San Francisco to a record 60 straight wins and was drafted by the St. Louis Hawks. The perfect guy to build a team around, right? Think of it, Russell and Pettit together. Then how come the Hawks were willing to part with him for easy Ed McCauley? Agreed, Ed was a solid ballplayer, but to trade away a potential like Russell? Bill Walton for Curtis Rowe? Never, yet somehow the Hawks did it.

Cigar Box Politics

And who was the man behind all these questionable deals? Red Auerbach of course. He's got to be the most despicable man associated with sports. Just to show you the kind of guy he is, do you remember that after he retired from coaching, the NBA decided to let him coach the East All Stars one year, sort of a tribute to him? Well, during the game Red winds up getting two T's called on him and gets thrown out of the game. And dig this, he refused to leave because after all, he's Red Auerbach. What Balls! In fact, one of my fondest sports memories is seeing the Knicks beat the Celtics in a playoff game a few years ago and when it was over, about 200 of us stood behind the press box where Arnold and Heinsohn were doing a post-game show back to Boston and made so much noise that they couldn't finish the show. A true people's victory 'cause louts like those guys shouldn't be allowed on the airwaves. But maybe Auerbach has mellowed out in his old age you might say. Well, if anything, he's getting nastier, as his order to the cops in Boston Garden to prevent Dancing Harry from doing his act during the first game of the Current Knick-Celtic indicates. I only hope that someday an irate fan shoves Arnold's cigar down his throat.

Real class

And speaking of shoving things down throats, I remember once Chamberlain going up for a shot,

Just think of it, Debuschere and Thurmond off the boards, Clyde and Pearl breaking and Bradley from the corner. I'd even root for the Knicks then, cause right now State. Now they're an outasite squad, let me tell you. And their uniforms, freaky! They used to have stars and cable cars on the back and a circle on the front with the Golden Gate inside and up above was written, "The City." The First punk hoop team. They even have an Alvin Lee look alike with the same last name, except that he's 6 foot 10 and his name is Clyde.

And that is about as close as rock 'n' roll and B-ball Caz promised me a ticket for the next Warrior home game. have come, except when I saw Gus Johnson walking out of Well, I went to pick up my ticket the night of the game the Bullet's dressing room in 1964 and he was singing "My and sure enough, it wasn't there. I was pissed, but Cazzie Girl." But that isn't really rock 'n' roll and dig this, Gus was never very long on smarts anyway. I dig him anyway. had fillings in his teeth shaped like diamonds, but that's a

of the Kowalski

-Joe Fernbacher

Did you know that Johnny Valentine's got the best hair in pro sports, at least he did; ain't heard much of 'em .lately?

Hair's really important; the Cowsills made a fortune on it, Hair made a fortune on Hair also, its style and content like the brush strokes of the old masters, Tammy Wynette's got great hair; Wayne Cochran had great hair, so did Dylan, so does . . . well, beating everybody out is Mad Dog Curry, he's got the best eyebrows ever: they're even better than James Whitmore's, and Mad-Dog drools, man does he drool - in quarts and gallons all over his opponent's back, belly thighs, head, its great. Pampiro Firpo's got great hair, and Carlos Santana's got the best fuckin' teeth in rock 'n' roll.

So what's this gotta do with Strangler Lewis? Not a fucking thing, 'cept during his day there weren't things like curfews and Urgaguan Death Matches, just plain hard balls against the mat wrestlin'. He was a lot heavier than Johnny Valentin whose hair just . . . well, I always wanted hair like Johnny Valentine's, like when I was 15 and they approached me and asked if I wanted to go to wrestlin' school and become a Masked Marvel.

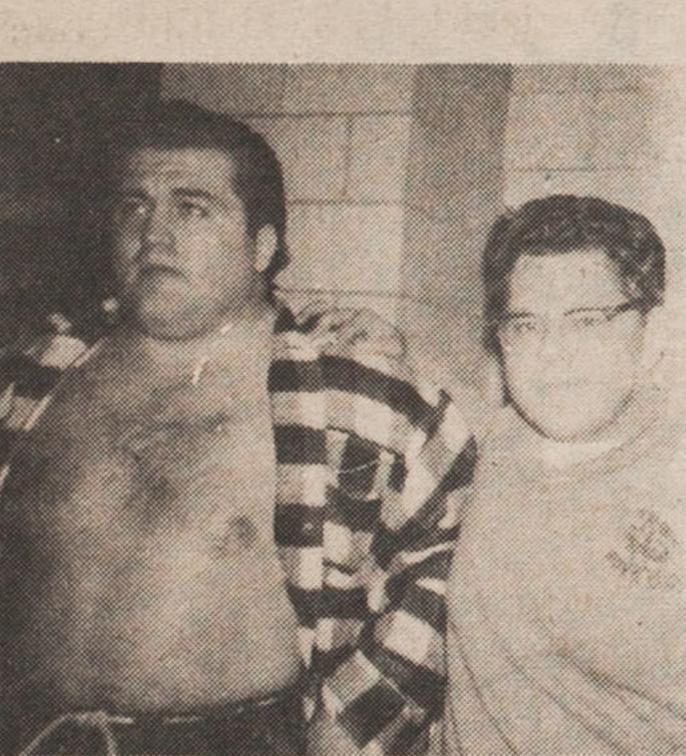
Yeah, this guy used to be one of those hooded creeps and he wanted me to carry on the tradition imagine, I could've been like that Masked Marvel in those Mexican flicks, the one who'd kick the shit outa Thunderbird, this jive-ass couldn't even fly or anything, all sober, and leave drunk on their ass most of the time. he could do was wrestle, anyway I got pissed off cause I wanted hair like Johnny Valentine's and if I was a Masked Marvel they'd have to cover up my head, so I didn't become a wrestler.

Wrestlin's a lot better than Roller Derby and almost as good as rock 'n' roll but nowhere near hockey 'cause kids, hockey's the world's fastest sport (whatta bout car racin' - shuddup!!).

Besides, wrestin's a lot phonier, like you gotta at least be able to skate in Roller Derby, and in wrestin' like rock 'n' roll its all in the gimmick and the name, man names is so important.

Ah, Hit Me!

Haystacks Calhoun is like Haystacks Balboa and May Blitz and maybe even Led Zepplin - its weight, name



Bill the Brute, and the author

used to be so arrogant, kids would give him their autographs) is exactly like Gary Glittler - both had no talent and both are great; and Johnny

Valentine's got hair just like Waylon Jennings 'cept his is blond and alot more aryan . . .

The Hillbillies were the Everly Bros. of the wrestlin' world; Waldo von Eric's the Blue Oyster Cult equivalent, you know, Tyranny and Mutation, and the Love Brothers come right from the mold of Seals and Croft and Comptom and Beateaux and Mouth and McNeal and Cheech and Chong - dualistic and all that shit, very much into each other and the Fargo Brothers man, they're nothing like Donna Fargo, she's better than Melanie and I bet she eats steak too.

Hey, what the fuck, there ain't no midgets in rock 'n' roll, no dwarfs, no little people, oh, there's plenty of 'little people' but no little people; they have little people in wrestlin'. Remember Little Beaver and Fuzzy Cupid? Man they were the best - they always used to kick the shit outa the referee and the fans would go completely nuts 'cause they always hated the referee unless it was somebody like Jersey Joe Wolcott. Little Beaver was a lot heavier than Jesse Ed Davis even if he didn't play guitar for Bob Dylan, oh yeah Paul Williams is kinda small, so's Nils Lofgren, but they ain't no dwarfs - man that sucks . . .

For years and years they wouldn't allow women to wrestle in New York State, and now they do and we get to watch the Fabulous Moolah. As a matter of fact they wouldn't let Mad-Dog Curry wrestle for 10 years, 10 fucking years just because ya drool and you're an animal; go to any rock concert and you see that all the time, ain't nobody banned an audience for being animals and plenty of 'em sure are.

But most wrestlin' audiences outcast them anyway,



Happy Humphrey

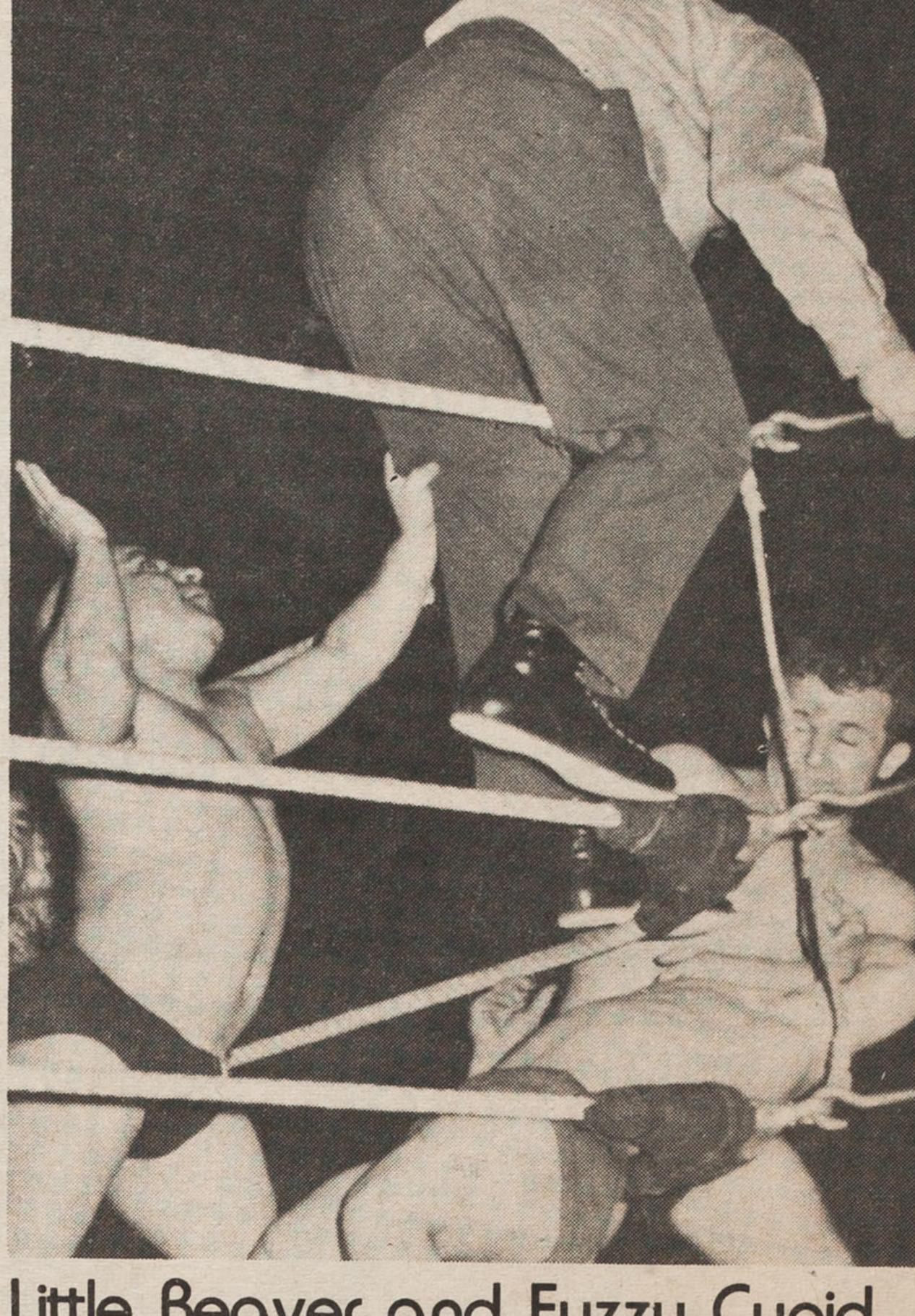
'cause lots of rock 'n' roll audiences don't rock 'n' roll, and He had this fantastic hold, a nerve clutch, the dreaded

Hercules \$ Sons, Inc.

There were many strong men in wrestlin', some might even been supermen. George Reeves was Superman the heaviest was when he teamed up with Ricki Starr and (not the original, Kirk Alyn was the original and he's got a went against the Beast and Johnny Valentine, whatta book about those early super days called A joh for match! Superman); and he killed himself by putting a builet through his head, and Steve Reeves played Hercules which Stomp'em Waldo was an okay movies and so was Hercules Unchained but neither were anywhere near as good as those Sons of tradition of Nazi Germany there's his brother Waldo von Hercules Italian films, like the Sons of Hercules meet the Erich, who's a mean bad-ass and really into reminding all Moon Men. Both Reeves were great strong men, but thos post-war wrestlin' freaks just who the Germans really Yukon Eric was a strong man too, but he did't star with were - like he still thinks he's gonna star in the revival of anyone, he was just a wrestler and was he good. His chest Springtime for Hitler and maybe he will, 'cause if David was so fuckin' big he culd just about walk, but he was a Bowie can be Michaei Valentine Smith in the movie nice guy. He had that famous match with Killer Kowalski version of Stranger in a Strange Land to be directed by in which he not only wrestled with a 104 degree fever - that mad-man Conrad Brooks, remember Chappaqua,

doctors didn't even want him to wrestle that night - but well ... like Hubert Humphrey he did anyway and Kowalski bit his ear off, which must have been as gory as the scene in The Brain That Wouldn't gotta know about Sam the Sham, and I remember when Die where the caged mutant escapes and chews up this the Kamikoff Brothers went for 13 straight weeks without guys neck and spits a hunk of flesh out onto the floor, it losing and when the Beast wrestled the Mongol . . . sure wasn't a lucky night for Yukon or that scientist later Yukon Eric shot himself in the mouth 'cause his wife left him, so they say . . .

And speaking of Eric's what about Fritz von Erich?



Little Beaver and Fuzzy Cupid

all wrestlin' audiences kick the shit outa each other, before Claw, he used to put so much pressure on during this everybody and then go after the villian in this souped up during and after the matches, they come to the games clutch that he sometimes couldn't open his hand for an hour or so, sometimes he even let his fingernails grow and he'd come away from a match with his hand clutched and bleeding, it was really neat.

Fritz used to have some of the toughest matches, but

But now Fritz ain't around, and in the grand

And the Sheik, with the famous 'Camel Clutch' has

Wrestlin's sure come a long way and maybe someday either, matter of fact a few (or maybe it was many) years it'll become a bigger sport that pro-football. It should 'cause football's gettin' real dull and America needs blood to keep it goin' and so do I, so I'm gonna go out and see the new Vincent Price movie, Theater of Blood . . .



A gathering of the big boys at the 1960 Wrestle-a-thon at Buffalo Memorial Auditorium . From left to right: The Shiek, Billy Lyons, Hercules Romero, Fritz von Goering, Frank Valios, Fritz von Erich, Waldo von Erich, Don Leo Jonathan, Duke and Sato Keomuka, The Gallagers, Ilio DiPalo, and Hans Herman. Photos by Earle F. Yetter

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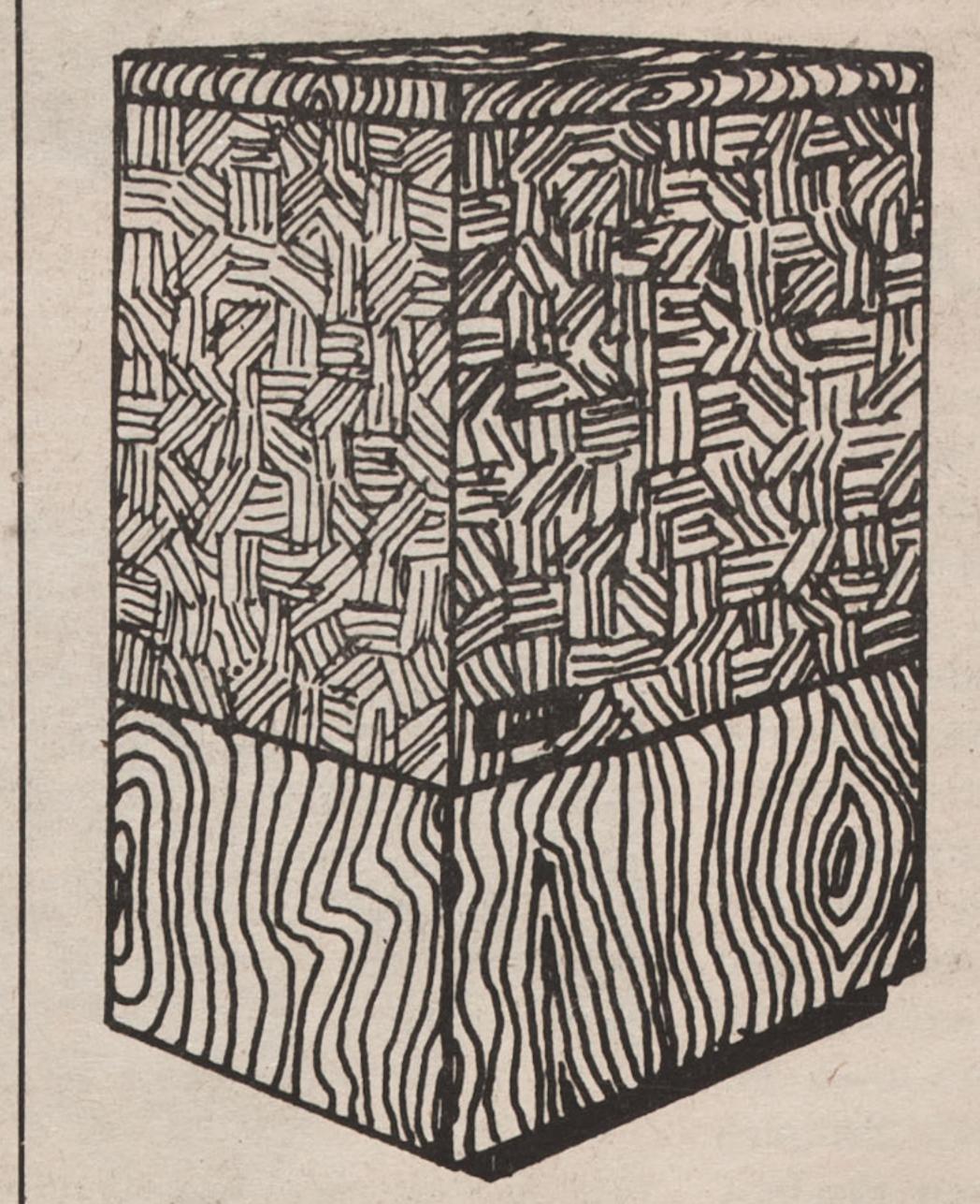
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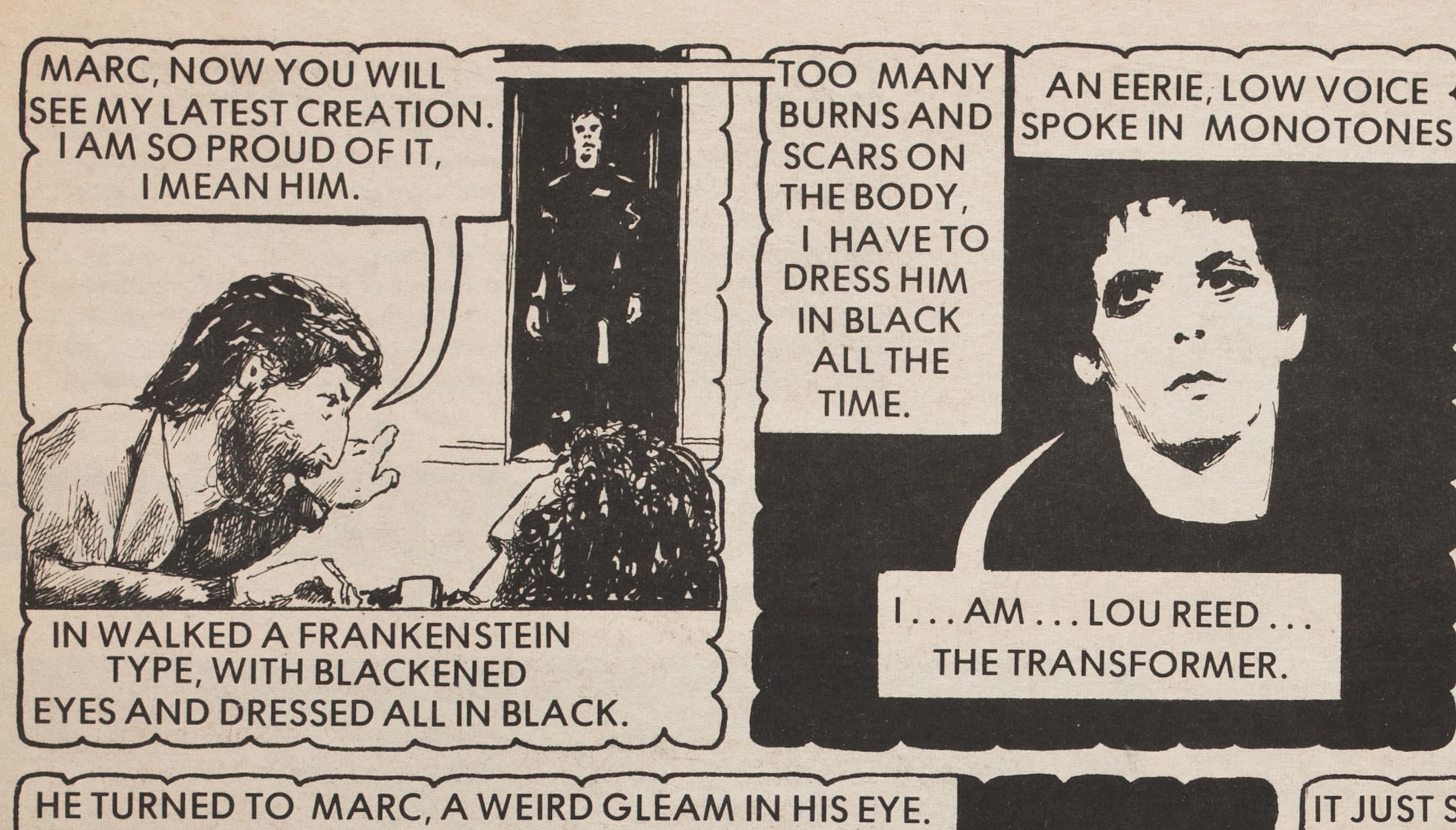
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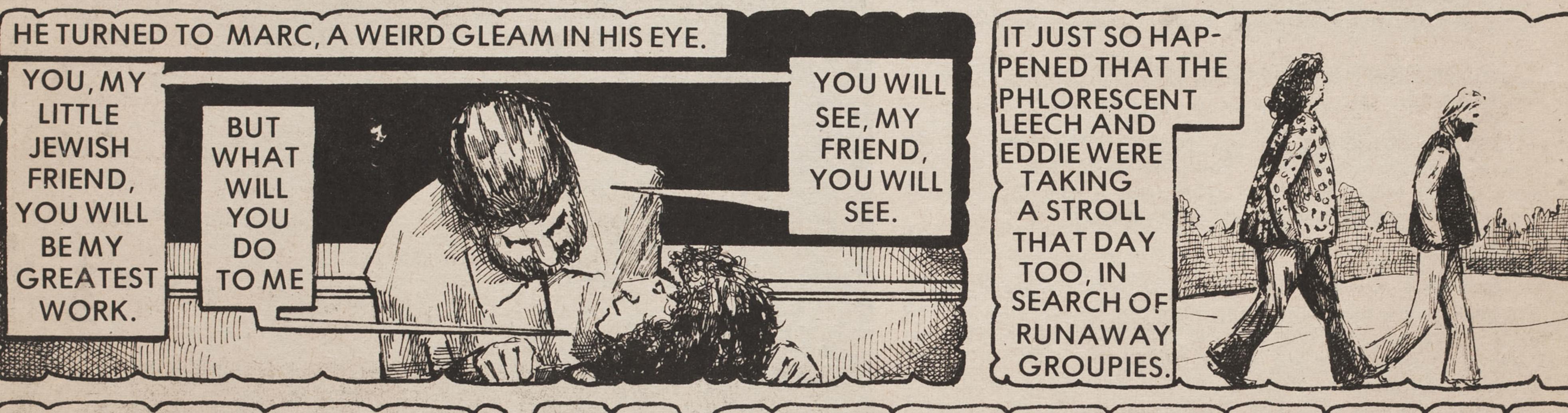
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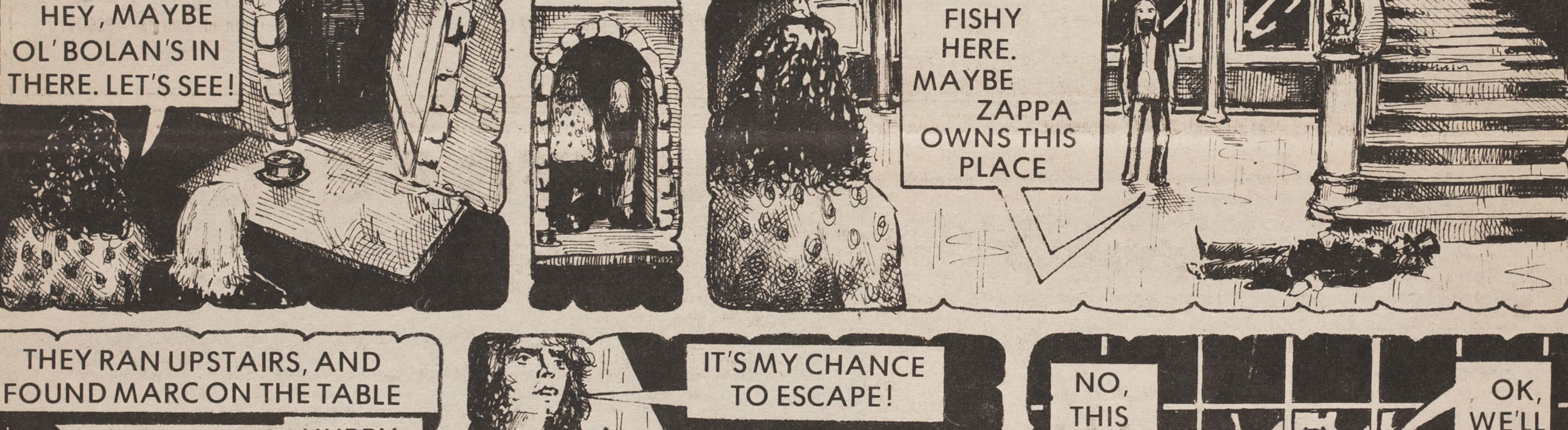
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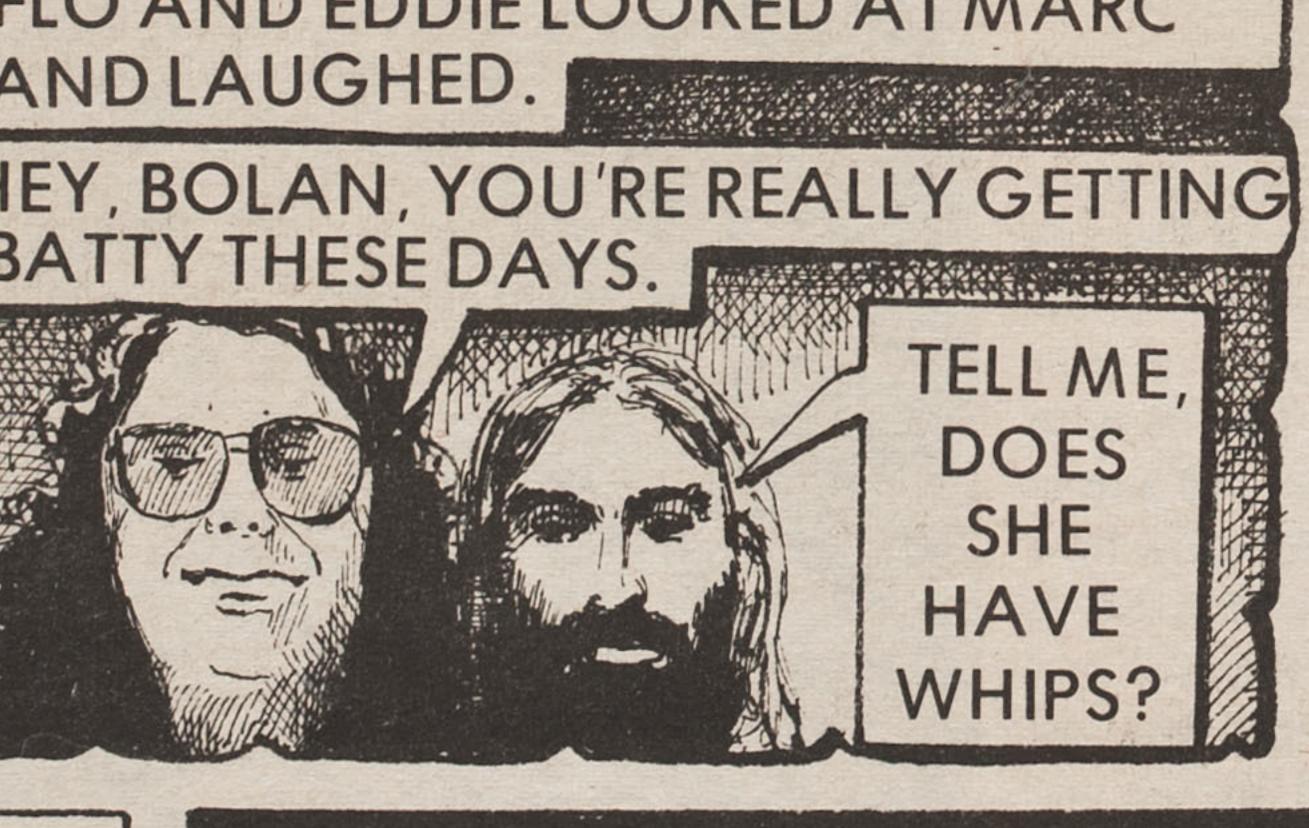








PHONE FOR DAVID AND LOU.





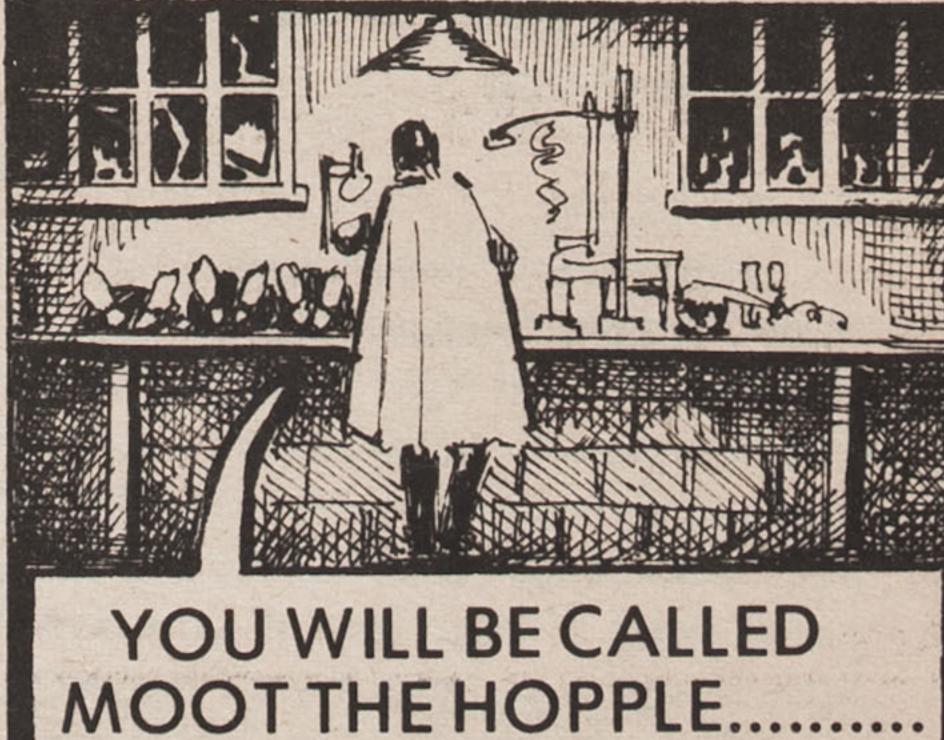
MARCHAD FORGOTTEN ALL OF THIS, MAINLY BECAUSE FLO AND EDDIE NEVER BELIEVED HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE AND HAD CONVINCED. HIM THAT HE MUST HAVE MADE IT UP.

ON MOTHERS' ALBUMS.



SO THAT'S WHY I SAY THOSE THINGS

ATTHAT MOMENT, INSIDE THE CASTLE, DR. DeFRIESEN-DORF WAS CREATING AN ENTIRE BAND, HIS FIRST SUCH ATTEMPT



CITY

-Joe Fernbacher

"Vicious, you hit me with a flower, You do it every hour, Baby you're so vicious."

So, I'm a merged fleshoid, big fuckin' deal, right? But like they sez don't knock it until yav eaten it,

crackle, fizz, ozone, and all that crap — right there you fuckwad, just walk betwixt those two — my god, I ain't never seed amplifiers that big before, shuddup and keep walkin', he gets to the slightly raised dias with the hologramed X floatin' around it, then he looks up . . . my fuckin' god they're BIG, so's he's standin' right in the evershifting monocenter of the universe between god's own mega-amps — suddenly the sky gets kinda weird and this giant black gloved hand appears and flips a switch on the amps — buzzzzzz . . ., then the gloved godoid turns all the knobs up to 10 — 'Son, yozz bout to be merged' — then it happens: 'You're pushin too hard, you're pushin on me' — snap — I'm standing there, munching a deathburger, exactly in the center of a new metaverse, just starin', feelin' kinda fucked up, and all around me are these gigantic record racks and a bluish neon sign at least 200 feet tall flashin' on and off, \$1.97 \$1.97, \$1.67 \$1.67, \$.57 \$.57,

so there I was in the midst of the ultimate bargain bin, a wax geek on the loose and covered with dust, slowly I turned step by step until —

(the last three paragraphs were supposed to be read very fast and at full volume –)

"Hi, I'm Sky Saxon, do you remember "The Hump" by the Invictas or maybe even my own "Pushin too Hard?" Well . . . right, it's gotta happen sooner or later. I know cause I went to my Gypsy Twonky Teller and she laid the word on me, anyways.

Day of the Triffids

Back when everybody was gettin' into being a floweroid — you remember I think they called it the Day of thy Triffids, sorta like now ya call 'em snoids, back then ya called 'em Triffids and everybody was heavily into peace, love and Aldous Huxley, the American Dream, Death of a Salesman and all that stuff: 'Biff, whata ya gonna be, when ya gonna decide where you're at,' 'Eat hot dork pop I'm splittin for LA and I'm gonna be a floweroid and all that.'

Well, in LA there were a lot of floweroid bands gettin' it on with the Triffids and everybody was having a good time and a lot of these bands were really good, I mean they had a lot of rock 'n' roll angst—

by the way this was around 1966 and 1967 and there was a lot of rock 'n' roll action all over the country and kids were comin' home from high school and instead of practicing with their new guitars they would go on tour — magical names, punk-ass sounds, the Leaves, ? and the Mysterians, the Music Machine, the Sonics, the Invictas, all those younguns wanting to be rock 'n' roll stars, and most of them were, this was an era of rock 'n' roll when things were busy and every region of the country had its own number one song and its own number one group and that was neat cause now it's all become so goddamn international and everything's gettin' too diverse—

well, coming out of this regional quagmire of raunch was a group called the Seeds, they were led by songwriter, lead singer Sky Saxon, the absolute personification of the punk floweroid, lead guitarist Jan Savage, drummer Rick Andridge, organist Daryl Hooper and bass player Sky Saxon, no that ain't no mistake, like a certain other group that was to emerge from the ever bloating underground the Seeds relied heavily on the driving power of the organ.

Riff 'n' roll

The Seeds were responsible for five albums and some great moments in rock 'n' roll.

Their first album, The Seeds, is a raunch comglomeration of riff 'n' roll, so stunning and beautiful that it makes you want to go out and kick somebody's face in - I mean Deep Purple are the slickest masters of the riff yet, but their trouble is that they're too inventive for their own good, but on the other hand The Seeds are the idols of the riff rhythm principle primal - five albums based on the same riff - now that's true angst, really basic and true, just listen to all 10 sides of their albums in a row beginning with "Pushin Too Hard" and ending with "Pushin Too Hard," my god that's gotta be the longest recorded jam in history, it's even longer than the "Mountain Jam" and you know how LONG that is, yet the basic difficulty in overcoming the first Seeds album is that you find it hard to stop playing "Pushin Too Hard" and sometimes you get lost in its stun glory and you forget to play the rest of the album, so what you might do is either get hold of the 45 and forget about the album, and if you search real hard you might find a two-sided single on a pink label (Trip) which has as side A "Pushin Too Hard" and side B "I Fought the Law" by the Bobby Fuller Four but if you're an aficionado then you'll not only have the single but you'll also have the album.

Some of the other hits on the first album are as good and under certain conditions a lot better than "Pushin Too Hard" — it all depends on the chemicals.

Reverie to lust

The second best Seeds song ever is "Can't Seem to Make You Mine" simply because it's the best Troggs cop ever and it's about as close to "I Want You" that anybody's ever gonna get, both songs being true hymnals to teenage lust, and teenage lust is a lot better than 'put jelly on your shoulder and do what you feel most' which is okay but it ain't teenage lust, just like Ryan's Daughter ain't no Deep Throat if you know what I mean and if you don't that's too fuckin' bad — (just a little hostility to keep myself honest)

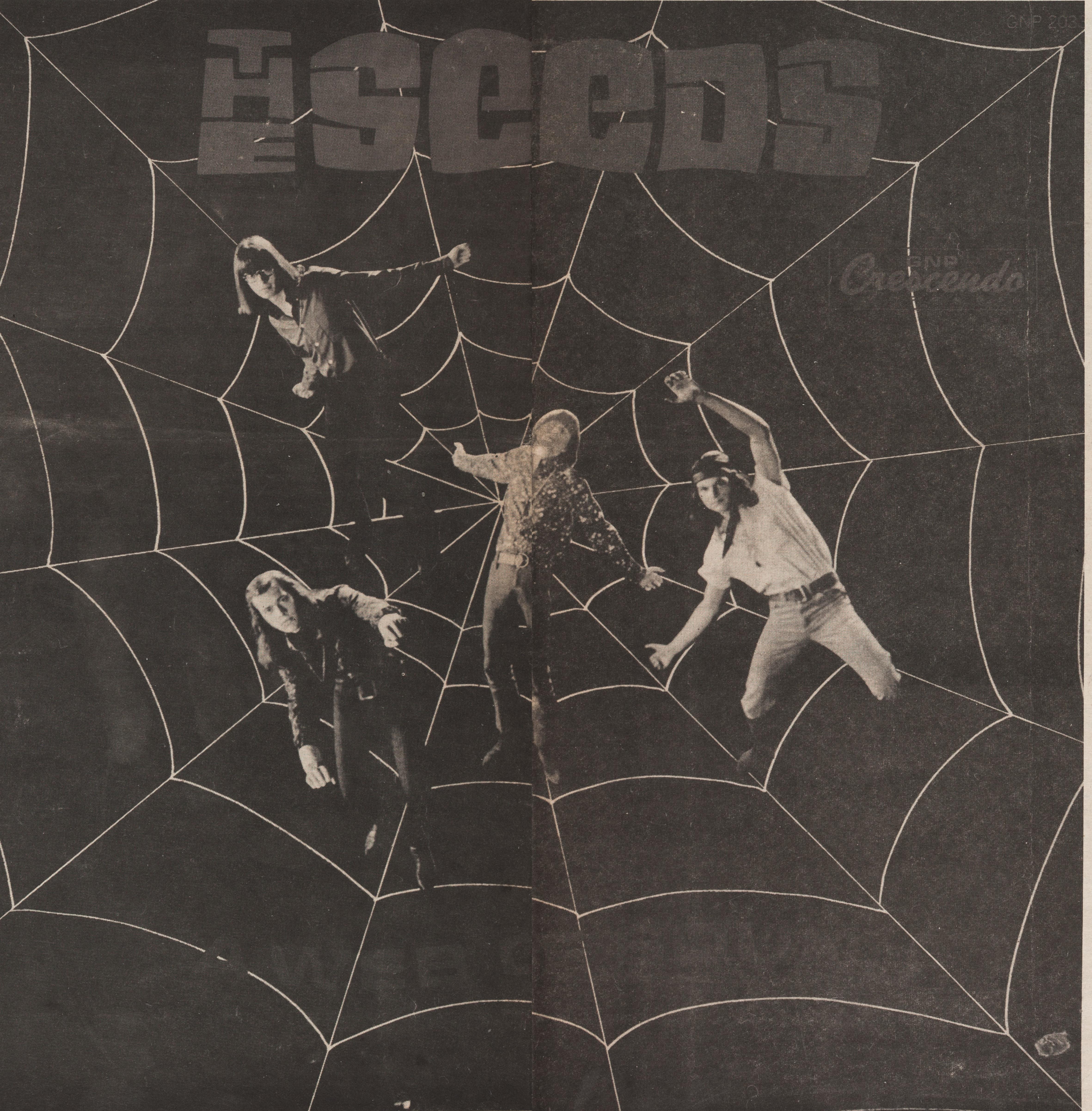
"Evil Hoodoo" is an interesting song if you can get into it, it's important because it's the precursor for the Seeds fourth album, Full

Spoon of Seedy Blues, which was released in the fall of 1967, and again the song contains the Seeds riff except that "Evil Hoodoo" comes before "Pushin Too Hard" and if you've never heard the record before then it becomes the time warp backlash tongue. Yet, if you think this first album is good, in October 1966, they released their quintessential best, a true masterpiece in an era when there ain't no more masterpieces, the album called Web of Sound . . .

Right from the opening organ passage of "The Farmer" you know who the Seeds influenced. In April 1967, the Doors released "Light My Fire," a Robby Kreiger song, and hit the overground after being in the underground with their previous release, a vicious "Break on Through,"

and being from LA themselves they obviously got that Seeds sound; don't forget the Doors were an oddity because they didn't have a bass player and the organ was the mainstay of the sound. And I think had the Seeds been around for a year or so mory they would've broken into the uberground and been as big and as important as the Doors, maybe even the first Superior Session might of happened, can you see Jim Morrison and Sky Saxon on the same stage my god it would've been enough to discorporate a whole nation, besides Sky Saxon was a lot better than Robby Kreiger, maybe not as supersurreal as Morrison but still hanging in there, because "Light My Fire" just absolutely piddles beside the likes of "Pushin Too Hard" and "Up in Her Room." But as

gardenias of utopia



it turns out the Seeds got sucked into the floweroids and died when the gardenias of utopia got heavy into junk and everything was peace, love and hypos.

Anyway, back to 1966 and Web of Sound

it was one of the first albums to get into the double dope entendres type thing, you know Lucy in the sky with diamonds and their song "Rolling Machine" can you imagine that, a song about a rolling machine.

But the Seeds cruncher comes when we first hear "Up in Her Room," a tender teenage love song about what happens when your sister's boyfriend comes over to the house and they disappear into her room for about three hours and you can never figure out what they got so much to talk about anyway:

'Up in her room
Smell the perfume there
Up in her room
I should get my share

Up in her room
Goin' up in her room
Gonna make love in her room'

-right, for almost fifteen minutes, primitive atonality which eventually turns into "Sister Ray," and by the way do ya gotta dollar, oh no I haven't got the time, time!!

Then the Seeds put out *Future*, an album dedicated totally to floweroids and how they were gonna take over the world. This lp is weird and I haven't really gotten behind it, yet. But there is an outstanding number, "The Flower Lady and Her Assistant" about earth mothers and . . .

but like the Doors of later years you really can't understand the dynamics of the group until you've heard the live album. Absolutely Live by the Doors stands as one of the great documents of our time and it was inevitable as their last dying gasp the Seeds would grind out a live album.

Actually, Merlin's Music Box, as the live record is called, is highly suspicious 'cause if you listen closely it almost seems as the screaming and yelling you hear might be coming from one of those special effects machines, like the laugh machine they use for those situational comedies—

the album has all the greats, "Can't Seem to Make You MIne," "Up in Her Room," and a few new ones like "Nine Million People Making Love at the Same Time" and the "Gypsy's Drums," but Sky fuses it all when he introduces the Seed riff, when he intros "Pushin Too Hard:"

'This is the last song we're gonna do, and we'd like to dedicate it to society cause it still has a message—'

You're pushin' too hard You're pushin' on me You're pushin' too hard What you want me to be

You're pushin' too hard The things you say You're pushin' too hard Every night and day

You're pushin' too hard You're pushin' too hard You're pushin' on me

All I want is just be free
Live my life the way I wanna be
All that I want is to just have fun
Live my life like it just begun

But you're pushin' too hard Pushin' too hard On me

Well, better listen girl
What I'm tellin you
You better listen girl
Or we are through
You better stop all your foolin' around
Stop your runnin' all over town
Cause you're pushin' too hard
Pushin' too hard
On me

But I know there's lotsa fish in the sea I know some would stay with me So if you don't think I'm gonna try You better ask yourself the Reason why

Cause you're pushin' too hard Pushin' too hard — on me

Pushin' too hard Pushin' too hard Pushin' too hard Pushin' too hard on me

you're sure right Sky, it still has a message and god bless you wherever you are.

-Terry Bromberg

the Rascals. Or should I say Rascal. couldn't be anyone but Felix: Because when Dino Danelli left to team up 'Must be my lucky day/Even the trees rhythm part to their version of "Rockin' rock 'n' roll, they might be okay. But the with former Rascal guitarist Gene Cornish are bending my way." and joined Bulldog, and when Buzzy Compare it to Marvin's "What's Going fantastic "Clean Up Woman." From that Good Friends," finds Hocher back again, Feiten also split, he to collaborate with On," and it's apparent that these two some old Butterfield friends and conceive masters of soul are talking the same Bulldog's biggest shortcoming on this direct Partridge Family steal. Full Moon, this left Felix Cavaliere, language: possessor of total spiritual resonance (not 'Father, father, we don't need to even decent, material. Aside from "Rockin' most part, out of this fiasco. A most to mention one of the finest voices in the escalate/War is not the answer, only love Robin" and Chuck Berry's "Too Much intelligent decision. They didn't write any annals of rock 'n' roll), all by his lonesome. can conquer hate.'

But let's step back for a moment and sort out some facts for those uninitiated in And that's what the entire album deals doing most of the dirty work. Take the co-produce it. But when you're working Rascalism. After doing seven albums, plus a with, whether it be on the preachy side, as first side for example. After a competent with a bunch of stiffs like these guys, there greatest hits collection, for Atlantic, both in "Be On The Real Side," the overly cover of "Rockin' Robin," they follow it ain't much a producer can do. I mean, it vocalist Eddie Brigati and Gene Cornish left the band. Upon their switch to Columbia, Felix and Dino added Buzzy Feiten to replace Cornish.

The addition of Feiten was a solid move because now Felix had an accomplished instrumentalist to help work his melodic ideas. So this trio, essentially, was now the Rascals, although on their first Columbia recording, the outstanding, but relatively overlooked Peaceful World, the players included a host of New York jazz session men, plus guest stars like Hubert Laws and Alice Coltrane. A cast of thousands.

And their followup to Peaceful World, The Island Of Real, again features some of the same musicians, although in not nearly the epic proportions as on its predecessor. But no matter who Felix has playing with him, there's no doubt whose band the Rascals is. He has always been the creative spirit and energy source for the band, in much the same way McGuinn has been with the Byrds.

Now with Dino and Buzzy gone, things are once again in a state of flux, and for my sake at least, I hope it doesn't signal the end of the Rascals, because this band, under whatever guise it's come, has afforded me too much pleasure to see it dissolve. But Felix will probably keep on pushing, and maybe Buzzy, but especially Dino, will wake up and realize that their new work doesn't stand up in light of their previous performances. But that's jumping the gun a bit; first let's deal with The Island Of Real.

Pcaks and Valleys

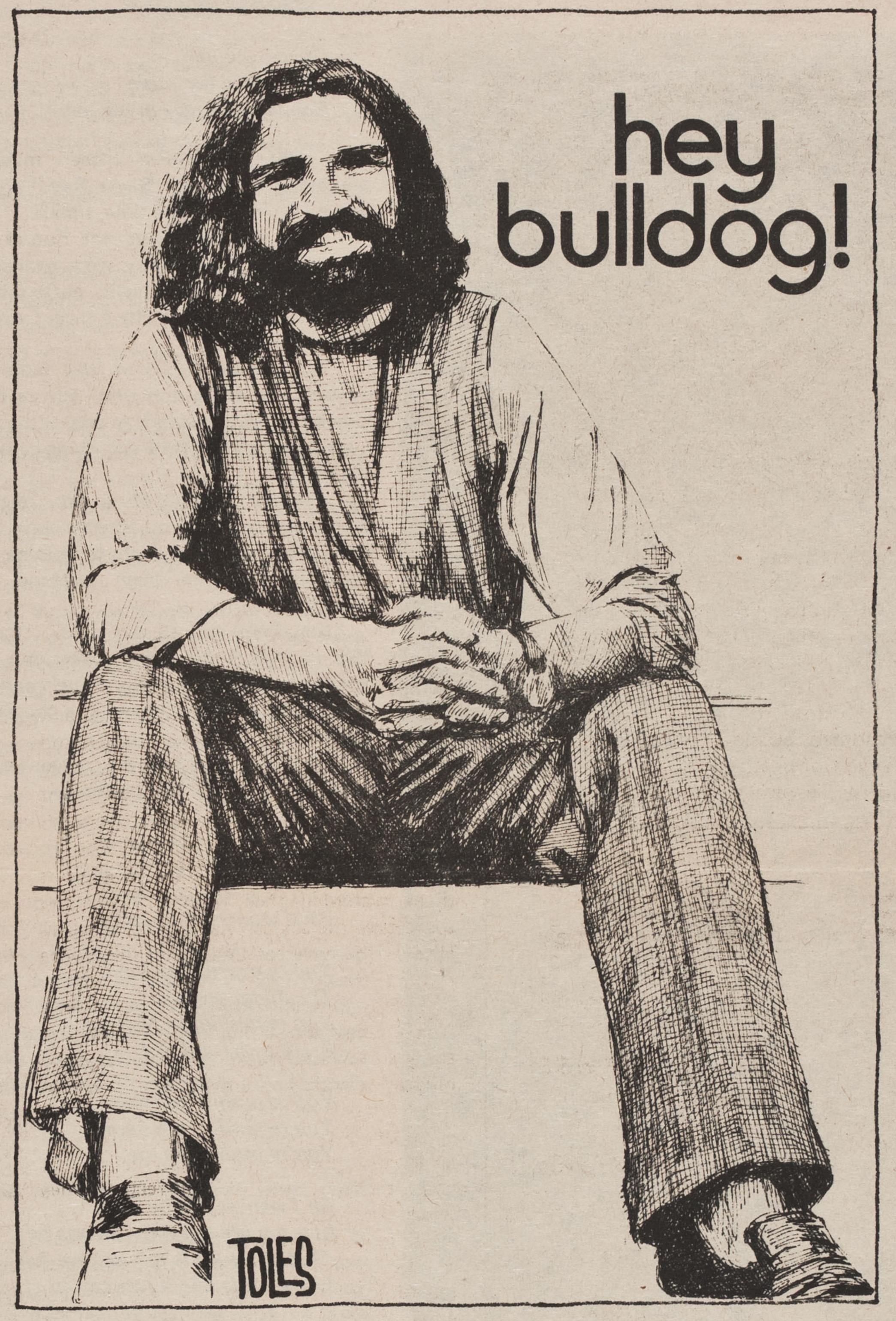
Initially, it's crucial to see The Island Of Real in its proper context. That being the first release after Peaceful World. Invariably, when a band achieves a musical peak, their next outing disappoints. Stage Fright after The Band,; Nashville Skyline after John Wesley Harding; Magical Mystery Tour after Sgt. Pepper. Clapton was smart - after doing possibly the best rock 'n' roll album ever, he has quit. Sandy Koufax and Jimmy Brown did the same, but look at poor Willie.

manifestation of all the changes that had music itself, like Felix's "Hummin' Song" (I'm still trying to figure that one out). It's Buzzy riffing away effortlessly. The side occurred in the Rascals, beginning way or Buzzy's rockin', Sly influenced "Jungle about a girl who won't fuck Billy and ends with Gene Dinwiddle's, "Tke This back with Groovin'. Once producers of a Walk." high voltage mixture of Italian soul and rock 'n' roll, Felix got caught up in Eastern Rascal sensibility best. With a sprightly said no, religion and began to look inward. And the Calypso tinged accompaniment, Felix sings That's a helluva thing to say you ought the chorus by the way by Tasha Thomas end product came four years later, after about the peace he's found and encourages to know, much struggling on the interim albums, others to get there also: 'If you've never with four sides of exquisite jazz oriented seen the island that don't mean it's not music that is absolutely everything its title there,' and: 'They might try to tell you it says it is. And the feelings of genuine don't exist, call me a fool and say it's just a no.' sincerity and the joy of life that have long myth." been a Rascal trademark on record have also been extended into their personal you embrace Felix for his philosophy or matters. I mean, back in the days when you laugh at his naivety. It's a personal they were way on top, the Rascals were choice, but I'll back him every time. to get in the previous song he seems to they left it without lyrics, although it refusing to perform unless the other act on Anyone who can sing like he can is okay the bill was black. They knew where they by me. The Rascals don't rock much came from and it was important to them to anymore, and a lot of the songs border on Hocher singing, or better still, rasping this Moon. There is nothing on the record that make sure we knew also. Suffice it to say easy listening jazz stuff ("Lament"), but time: "Good looking gentlemen like me are offends me; it's all very pleasant and that it was one of the class moves in rock I'm a believer and Felix sure does make me hard to find, you made a good selection." unobtrusive, and there are snatches of it 'n' roll history.

That The Island Of Real does nothing at

for one). But it does have its moments and working with a new band. But the best I on the record is their rendition of "Too on those occasions, the Rascals satisfy can say for the album is that it starts off on Much Monkey Business," and it's no And then there was one. A concise, but tremendously. Like "Lucky Day," a song an encouraging note, even if it only lasts coincidence that keyboard man John Turi accurate description of the present state of that spews so much optimism that it for about 15 seconds. And the only reason is singing this one. They rock on well here

debut record is the glaring lack of good, As for Gene and Dino, they stay, for the Monkey Business," the rest are all originals songs, and they also stay in the background with Billy Hocher, bassist and lead vocalist, instrumentally, although they did



The title cut seems to exemplify the

What it all boils down to is this. Either feel good.

On the other hand, Bulldog makes me

contains lines like:

'I stay with you late last night, but you

You told me where to go, I told her she was young and bright, And definitely outasight, but she said

You want more? How about "Juicin' With Lucy?" It's about a 'Lady who never form piece that Full Moon does. It seemed to get high,' and what Billy failed probably would have sounded better if finally achieve here with Lucy. Insulted doesn't much matter one way or the other. enough? "Don't Blame It On Me," has Mr. Billy Hocher, fuck you.

all to dispel the rock 'n' roll fact of life feel awful. It's possibly the worst album can't sing either. He's a graduate of the that hits you between the eyes, but it proposed earlier is no surprise. In I've listened to since Moby Grape's Truly David Clayton-Thomas school for seems to be doing a fairly good job of comparison to Peaceful World, it pales. Fine Citizen. It is, as they say, "without super-macho vocalists and shit, did he learn creeping up on me while I'm not looking. Even judged on its own merits, it's not an redeeming social value." What a his lessons well. Hocher is one of the most Full Moon is worth checking out, but for exceedingly strong record; in fact, some of disappointment, because I had great annoying, grating singers I've ever had the my money, I'd go with the Rascals first, the songs are just plain wimpy ("Echoes," expectations when I heard that Dino was misfortune to hear. In fact, the best song simply because of Felix. He's got class.

it sounds good is because the opening and if they stuck to simple straight ahead Robin" is a direct cop from Betty Wright's next song, "Parting People Should Be point on, it's all down the proverbial hill. this time doing a song that sounds like a

ain't John Wooden's doing, it's Bill Walton's.

My only hope is that the little smirk on Dino's face on the back of the album indicated that he realizes just how bad this record is. Listen Dino, if Felix wasn't rocking enough for you, I understand, but at least join a band that is worthy of your

Full Moon, on the other hand, is an entirely different bag of fish. These guys aren't a bunch of unknowns, four of the five having done stints with Butterfield, while Buzzy Feiten has also put in time with, aside from the Rascals, Stevie Wonder. And since everyone in the band had previously been primarily instrumentalists, the result here is a greater emphasis on the music than the lyrics, with two songs being solely instrumental.

The album opens with "The Heavy Scuffles On," and from the beginning, Buzzy makes his presence known as he steps out with a couple of crisp, well placed solos. He has been a consistently excellent guitarist everywhere he's played and this record is the finest showcase of his vast talents to date. He might look like he's seventeen, but his playing shows years of experience.

And his songwriting ability is beginning to stand out also (check out "In And Out Of Love" and "Icy Water" on Peaceful World), as "To Know" indicates. It's very much a Felix influenced song about the fulfillment of love, with mellow accompaniment and Buzzy playing a beautifully flowing solo. The only thing missing is Felix on vocals. Drummer Philip Wilson is adequate, but the subtlety and strength of Felix's voice could have made this song a masterpiece.

Anything you want

"Malibu," an instrumental written by keyboard man Neil Larsen follows. It's simply an easy listening jazz number, perfect background music (Lester Bangs would call it muzak) for doing almost Well, Peaceful World was the total schmaltzy side ("Brother Tree") or in the up with "No," which was a hit as a single anything, and once agin, you can hear Winter Out Of My Mind," a lovers lament with a stronger rock 'n' roll beat than most of the album. Nice background vocals on and Robin Clark.

The second side is basically more of the same. Another instrumental, with Ray Barretto helping on percussion this time, another Feiten song ("Need Your Love"), with Buzzy singing lead this time, and "Selfish People," the most extended free

That last line pretty much sums up Full (basically Buzzy's work) that I really And not only can't he write songs, he enjoy. It's certainly not the kind of record Tyranny and Mutation Blue Oyster Cult song, a bit too self conscious if you ask me, (Columbia)

oblivion, and my god, they've done it Black Sabbath steals and better than that. again. Pearlman's marauders have taken all the Zep have stolen this one from the Cult the power and guts of their first album, on their new record. One hand washes the sharpened it a bit, roughed out some other, y'know what I mean? smooth edges, and have come up with the "Teen Archer" is R. Meltzer's latest killerriff record of the year. Speed to Side romantic opus. Starting with the Sab's One, lude out on Side Two and you will (there they are again) "Iron Man," Meltz see everything in shades of black for the bases an entire song on the middle of rest of your born days.

Yardbirds' "I'm Not Talkin'" and the sings this one and he should sing more. squadron plows into your skull with "The If Columbia has released "Last Days of Red and the Black," an updated version of May" as a single, Vicki Lawrence wouldn't "I'm on the lamb but I ain't no Sheep," be number one on the old hit parade - the that lovely hymn to the Canadian Mounties Cult would. Then a sceptre could haunt and their loyal huskies. Taste that whip at leather's end as lead singer Eric Bloom, chains in hand, surveys the ruins of civilization. Buck Dharma grinds out wave after wave of scorch guitar, Alan Lanier's : :: sci-fi guitar and organ patrol the periphery of the magaverse and the Bouchard brothers, Joe and AI, nail everything to the

"OD'd on Life" is an instant classic, chock full of goodies from every corner of : the rock world, even the Hollies' "Long in the lines" Cool Woman." "Hot Rails to Hell" has guitar hooks that start to hurt after awhile, so while you're down, Joe throws in some Ventures "Pipeline" bass and the twin after the song has ended. "Seven Screaming Diz Busters" starts with an Allman Billboard and Cashbox. Anyway, "Teen Brothers feel, just to sucker in the masses, Archer" is my favorite song on the album, House of the Holy Led Zeppelin (Atlantic) to the bygone era of flowerhood and and then Lucifer delights as fire and and when Buck takes off with the run from brimstone shake the airwaves. This song's "We Ain't Got Nothin' Yet," the one that way too long, but so what?

gritty "Baby Ice Dog," and who wouldn't with, I'm gone.

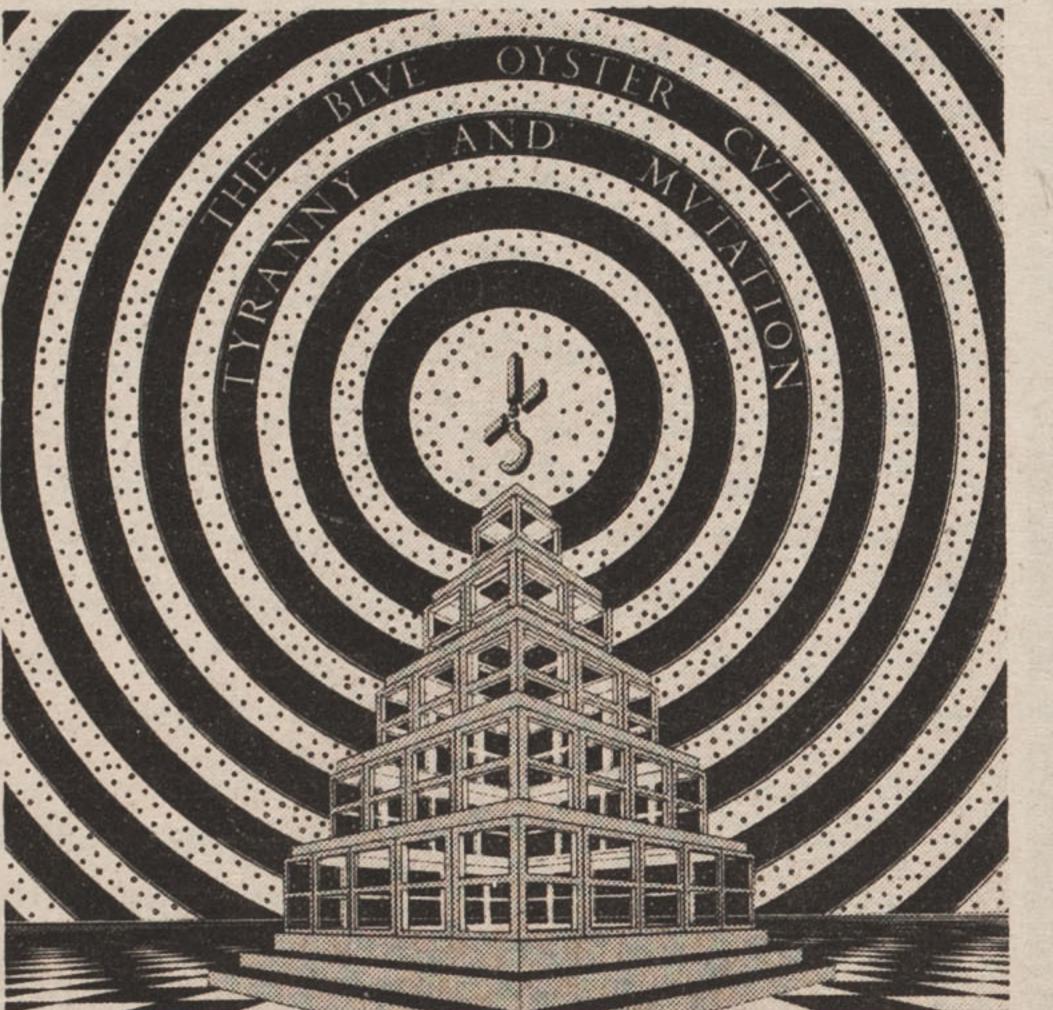
It's high time

to get your ass to

the Poor House

British influence and all that, but it's great background music for reading Vampirella This is the Cult's second venture into or Famous Monsters of Filmland. Good

"Break On Through" by the Doors, A quick intro stolen from the specifically the phrase 'She Gives.' Buck



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ROCK'N'ROLL

WED., THURS., SUN.

(Expires May 31, 1973)

one tree

over them. Nice harmony vocals that you effort, everything that they ever were and

What I'm really waiting for is an Oyster now, this opens the lp and its a reminder of Cult/Slade concert, Then Noddy and Eric the Seed's "Pushin Too Hard" plunge riff, can do their duel in the sun during "Born it's a rocker, but so is "Rain Song" the first to be Wild," and the world will end. Pass metal folk song resplendent with soft

Clovis Trouille's asses are fleshy meat love and fuckin' in the streets. "Igot my every young guitar playing punk on the asses and they're good asses, full of flower, I got my power" is as lucid as "The Side Two begins with Patti Smith's East Coast learned to dazzle his friends character and resilience. But the best ass of Flower Lady and her Assistant" - hey are them all, and when he tells you 'Ain't this Zep the reincarnation of the Seeds, the want to make it with her big black dog? All "Mistress of the Salmon Salt" is a great ass, and ultimate flower band? don't know, maybe you gotta do is know how to ask. Buck's Pearlman classic. "A harvest of life, a you also know it's Ray Davies ass. And - well at least you know they're not Dick stop and go solo is chilling. Freeze on, harvest of death" as the quicklime girl digs when Ray tells you about it he's doing Shawn doin' "Love Power" on the Patti! "Wings Wetted Down" is another Joe up bodies and performs mysterious rites something Jagger's been wanting to do for Springtim for Hitler record (a true classic). a long time, but we all know Jagger's got Oh Jimmy you're my 'flower, you are my no balls anyway.

But if you're really into the refined art Hey, wait a minute, how come there

of the Holy. These beautiful blond, baby pink, highly caressable, Eloi-like arse possessers are seen facelessly scampering up a rocky hillside towards a divine, or perhaps sinister, horizon. They possess a passionless grace of movement seldom seen anywhere let alone as an example of two dimesnional cover art for a rock 'n' roll record. They would do proud as Trouille's, but they ain't, they's Hipgnosis's.

And they sensuously surround the recording of Led Zeppelin's long last new work. Which is a magnificent collection of sexless songs, not that the songs are bad mind you, but they're just neuter, without sex. Like you knew "Stairway to Heaven" was a female song cause it was funky, funky in the classical funky sense, it Zeppelin, it was the Seeds' farewell smelled of female, and "When the Levee concert, only they didn't tell the audience Breaks" is as male a song as Bob Seger's it was the Seeds they told 'em it was Led "Ramblin Gamblin Man" which in turn Zeppelin and the schmucks really believed blows tha balls out of the Stones' it was. visions of purity and madness.

through a phase of self-parody, the whole as if it was the first Zep Ip and it was live positions as super stars, perhaps, or just a one and that has a lotta class; vision of rock 'n' roll as it might become. And when it comes down to it, they're

Zep pish posh, but it's sure good.

is classical as well as epical in proportions, that's really obscene . . .but I love 'em but better than Zep II, and nowhere near all... the absolute sheerness of Zep III, which stands as the quintessential Led Zeppelin

can almost hear beneath the din of rakes or ever will be is contained in that record.

But "The Song Remains the Same" for -Billy Altman Hawaiian guitars and orchestrations: 'This is the mystery of the quotient - /Upon us all a little rain/must fall.' Right on Jimmy.

> And "Dancing Days" is a happy hymn brotherhood and Haight and Asbury and power/You are my woman who knows.'

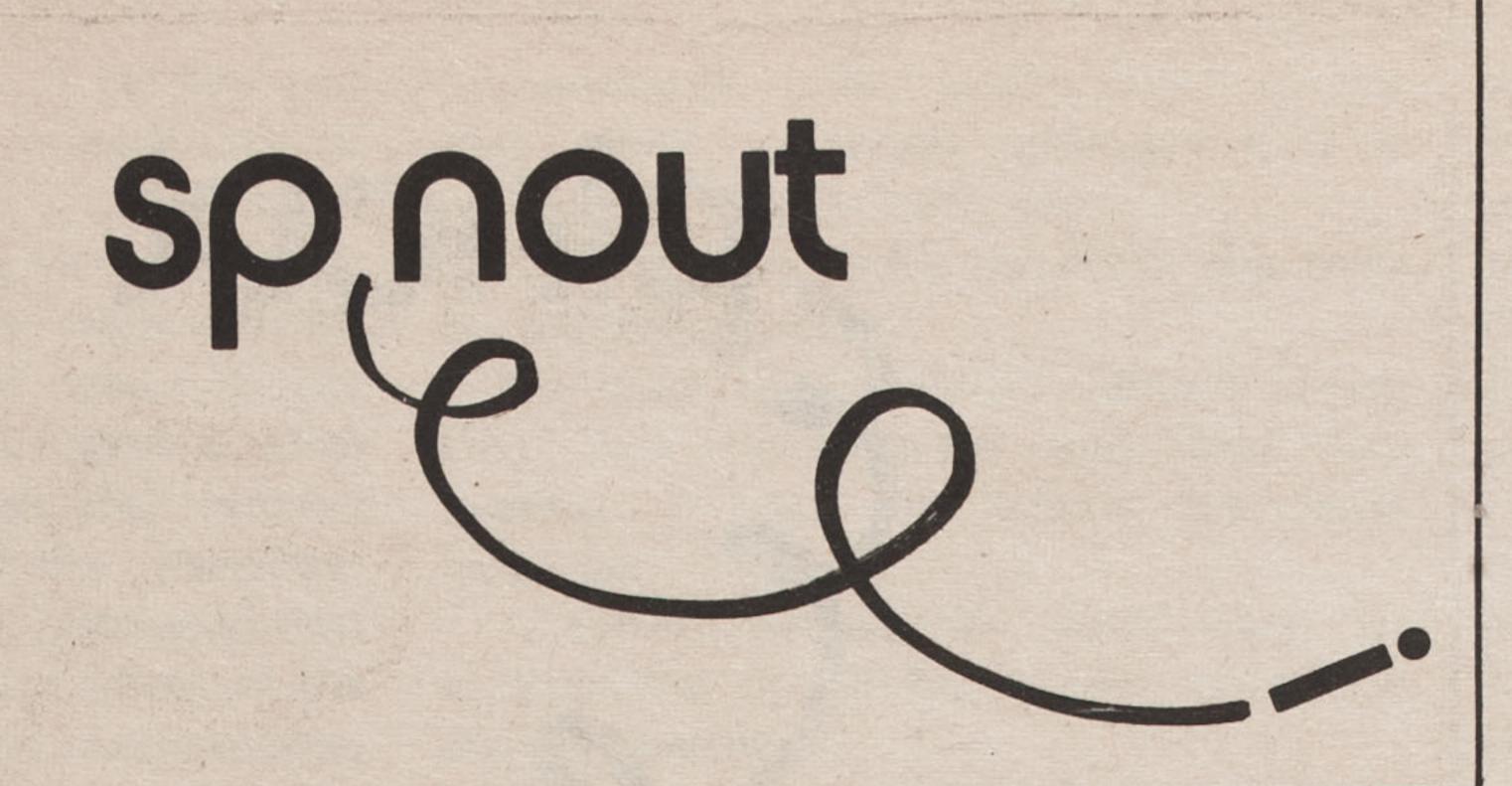
of ass watching, then you'll just jerk and was never a live Zeppelin album? Oh, there spurt over the sexless young asses lounging was a bootleg, Led Zeppelin live on all over the cover of Led Zeppelin's House Blueberry Hill but that wasn't really Led



"Tumblin Dice." And "Rock And Roll" is Of course, if you want to you could hermaphroditic cause it's a classic and all consider the Yardbirds live at the Anderson classics possess both sexes, that's why Theatre the first real Led Zeppelin Ip, they're classics - sex appeal - Ultra-Bright cause after all Page was doin' his bow trick and their big number was "Dazed and But the first thing ya gotta realize about Confused" and anyway Led Zep / came this record is that the Zep are going out about three weeks later so it's the same album's a goof, a statment on their so maybe they did do a live lp, their first

And after the initial shock, "My god, justa buncha wierdo perverts it's not the mythical all acoustic Ip which anyway . . . 'Now I'm singing all my songs would merge this universe with the mad to the girl who won my heart/She is only dog universe which is always just around three years old and it's a real fine way to the corner," it's just another mish-mosh of start . . . ' My god, at least Marie was six years old, besides Bonham wrote that one Not as good as their first release which and he plays the drums with his hands, and

-Fernbacher



This Is Us The Searchers (Kapp)

Searchers, nobody would bother with the been a single. And when the Searchers rock Introducing the Sonics The Sonics (Jerden) Raspberries, because the Raspberries sound out, they do so with class - "Hi Heel a whole lot more like the Searchers than Sneakers" lets the guitar whip out for some about it for awhile, the Byrds sound a lot like the Searchers. So how come everyone's forgotten them?

The Searchers were eclectic, that's why. This Is Us, which I presume is their second Ip, covers all angles of the British invasion and even has their autographs next to each one's picture. But alas, the Searchers recorded for Kapp records in the U.S. and all they were good for was Kenny Ball and he was worse than Acker Bilk. So you almost never see a Searchers album anywhere except maybe a good friend's record pile, which is where I stole this

The record starts off with "Don't Throw Your Love Away," their chart topper after "Needles and Pins," and even Liverpool besides.

Red Rose Speedway

PAUL McCARTNEY

AND WINGS

(Nicky Hopkins again?) and, get this, castinets. The intro is a lovely "Under the I think if more people had been into the Boardwalk" type move, and this shoulda



Jeremy, and these guys came from Today," with a bona fide 12-string sloppo studio. solo. "Can't Help Forgiving You" sounds The Sonics, whatta rush, and I thought "Where Have You Been" has a piano like most of the Raspberries' two albums. the only rock 'n' roller with balls enough

of "Love Potion Number Nine," done with Smith of the Five, Hmmmm "Walk it back respect, then "Sea of Heartbreak," 'sonic'!!!" So you know what a whole (anybody know who did the original? I group named the Sonics does for my groin, forgot.), a little dab of country with which is the epicenter of all rock 'n' roll by barrelly piano. More class points.

I heard a Searchers single recorded last year and it was awful, but at least they're still in there pluggin' away, and someone should go re-discover them before they give up. Chris, Tony, Mike and John, wherever you are, I'm with ya.

Listening to the Sonics is like eatin' the Beatles. And when you stop and think nice riffs in the gool ol' Mersey tradition. pussy with lockjaw. Cause ya know ya want more and more but ya can't have it, you're in terminal stasis, no power, no pleasure, no spirit. But the Sonics sure had spirit, a lot of it all in the right places.

Northwest back in '64, their hit "The "Psychotic Reaction" may be a Yardbirds Witch" was their steppin stone to fame and cop but the Sonics are so absolute to the punkdom, they actually made it to the spirit they're not even stealin', its just all Billboard "Bubbling under the top 100" in they know . . . except for Larry Parypa '66 with a song called "You Got Your whose break in this song is better than the Head on Backwards" which is about as original, a lot more crunge-rot, if you know good as Lou Reed did until recently.

When the Top Ten list of punk guitarists when he takes a break you know he all encased in metal. chunky rhythm. And the vocals: then, the immortal "I Count the Tears," sophistication. Real rock 'n' roll comes Bennett, the drummer. Absolutely beautiful harmonies, better from whence was copped both "Bobby's when ya get a group whose been together All in all, quite a group during quite a than Peter and Gordon or Chad and Girl" and the Grass Roots' "Let's Live For for a week and throw 'em into a recording time, and ya can buy the record for \$.57 if

Then, surprise, another hit in the form to 'actually' use the word 'sonic' was Fred the way.



Take "I'm a Man," the Yardbirds' classic, when the Sonics do it it's better in They had a big followin' in the Pacific intent than the whole Count Five !p. what I mean.

And "Love Lights," the soft song, is compiled (and it is, cause I have it, almost rivals the Beach Boys doin' simply because I wrote it) Larry Parypas "Diamond Head" or "Transcendental hasta top it, this guy is fast and raw, like Meditation" that is if the Beach Boys were

doesn't have the faintest idea of what he's The group consisted of leader Andy a dummy can see how much the Byrds On Side Two, things get rolling with doin', but he's sure doin' it. Real basic Parypa (bass guitar); Gerry Roslie (writer, ripped off from them. The sparse bass, the "It's In Her Kiss" (the Shoop Shoop Song) metallic pearls like this guy are seldom seen organ piano, and singer) Rob Lind (sax and military drums, the trebly lead guitar, the with neato falsetto backup vocals. And 'in these days of complication and vocals); Larry Parypa (lead guitar) and Bob

you're lucky.

-Fernbacher

Psychedelic Psoul The Freak Scene but it's worth at least a buck anyway. (Columbia)

influence of evil stimuli. That was five somewhere. In four months I've found the it since. The first was three years ago and it back there. But how was I gonna know if was in mono so I didn't buy it. The second the Bubble Puppy's only hit, the immortal was this year, and it was in stereo. A long "Hot Smoke and Sasafrass," was on here? search ended, and not in vain. It sounds Simple, I opened it up and looked on the better now then it did back then.

Evans (?) and they made this one album bought it. and quickly died a fast death. Why Lenny know. They probably never released a first cut, and it's got more rock cliches single, you know how psychedelic bands than any other tune ever, "OD'd on Life" are. But this record has every technical included. Years ahead of its time with twin stoned out - oh my god it's coming from leads that incorporate every riff of the last both speakers - move necessary to make 10 years. The lyrics are your average late any trip a memorable and enjoyable one. 60's psychedelia: "If you're happy where Bongos, sitars, phased vocals, finger cymbals, you name it, it's here.



believe me, here are the lyrics from just times better. I'm gonna listen to Side Two one speaker of "Mindbender.":

'Mindbender / Carfender / Bartender / Remember / September / November / Mindbender / Mailsender / Dogblender / Befriender / Soullender / Coinvender / Ascender / Defender / Surrender / Sock blender / Bigspender / Juiceblender / Apprehender / Mindbender / Shocksender.'

and then, from out of nowhere comes a droning voice:

'Rock and roll / Oysters Rockefeller / Gibraltar / I Am A Raga / A Raga Saga / Maha Raga / If I Were A Raga / A Hand Woven Raga / A Maple Leaf Raga / A Raga's Progress / Don't Knoga the Raga / Mindbender.'

And you though Lou Reed's "Murder Mystery" was the answer to the answer? "Grok" is the last track and it's all guitars played three times as fast as they were recorded. When you put your box back to 16 you can hear what they were really playing, and it stinks, but not at 33 1/3! it's sheer dynamite. Whatta record!

A Gathering of Promises The Bubble Puppy (International Artists)

One of the true gems that surfaces only in the back rows of ill stocked bargain bins. I paid \$1.50 for it, admittedly too much,



Course I opened it first 'cause you can't read anything on the back cover. It's a I first heard this record under the multicolored maze and every cut is listed years ago, and I've only seen two copies of names of two guys in the band written label. It was there alright, in all its two The Freak Scene was led by Rusty minute and thirty second glory, so I

Little did I anticipate what I've heard Kaye left this gang out of Nuggets I'll never on this one record. "Hot Smoke" is the you are, then you need not go too far." There's time changes every four seconds, and the drummer keeps speeding up without telling the rest of the band. Feedback too!

The next cut is about peace and love so I always skip it to get to the classic, "I've Got to Reach You," all eight minutes of it. Tongue champion of the country, a little jazz solo, then a middle minute or so of solid Deep Purple before the Deeps even know how to do it. I swear they stole "Lazy" from here, bless their hearts.

"Lonely" is the same riff as "Hot Smoke," 'cause one of the guitarists only knows one solo, but there's fuzz tone and a speeded up break and even a Who crescendo, in the middle of the song! This one's 2:48. The Puppy shuttles those times damn good. The title track is a flower And it's arty too, and if you don't ballad in real old Airplane fashion, but ten next year.

-Billy Altman

But when I jump inta my jalopy

Don't care 'bout makin' the scene

high school kids are) ya just might be able

happen, where the masses of punkoids

the programs for the assembly were boring,

ya know a trampoline artist, or a blind

is beyond me, but whatta song:

'Well, I'll Pledge my Allegiance

(Spoken) Criss, cross your flags,

Miss, History, Miss Math, Miss Gym,

And, I'll hear your grievance

Cause its time ta do the

It's all so fuckin' boring,

Ya know nobody cares.

Cause its time ta do the

Assembly Stomp.

Say your prayers.

Assembly Stomp.

Ya know, Ya know, Ya know, I feel real

'Yeah, its gotta rumble seat'

I'm gonna have those

De-ten-tion class blues.'*

Theme from 'Mr. Novak' and other High School Themes (MGM)

It's like buying the Blow-Up soundtrack just to get the Yardbirds doing "Stroll On" - the rest of the record sucks, but you'd Ragatime Cowboy Joe / Raga Ages / Raga pay just to have that one specific cut, but I My Soul / Oh Raga You Got Me / Raga didn't even wanta hear "Theme from Mr. Novak" cause I hated the show as much as I hate Room 222; ain't no high school ever been to like that. Me I was raised on the "Blackboard Jungle" concept of high school cause that's what high school really all about. Shit, at the school graduated from the kids useta keep rifles in their lockers - fuck dope - they was inta booze, blood and broads.

But I hadta get this record, you see. It's got the best titles ever created for a non-record record. The titles alone caputre the essence of the entire Evan Hunter book, take for instance "Detention Class Blues" whatta title, whatta song:

'Well, I've got those de-ten-tion class

Cause I don't care for none of their Got caught walkin' the halls,

Spittin' on the walls, Shittin' all over the stalls: and, and, and, I

Weren't no joke! Hada smoke! I got caught by Teach Got in a fight -Now the Teach, don't Teach

Cause he ain't feelin' right.

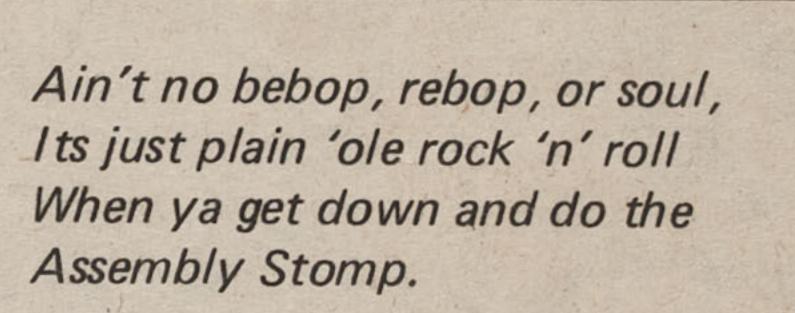
He won't preach.

Went ta the john for smoke

You know I've got those detention class

Nothin to care about, nothin to lose Cause I just 'gotta,' I just 'gotta,' be in School.

Well, ya know I wear my jeans Real sloppy, And my hair ain't neat,

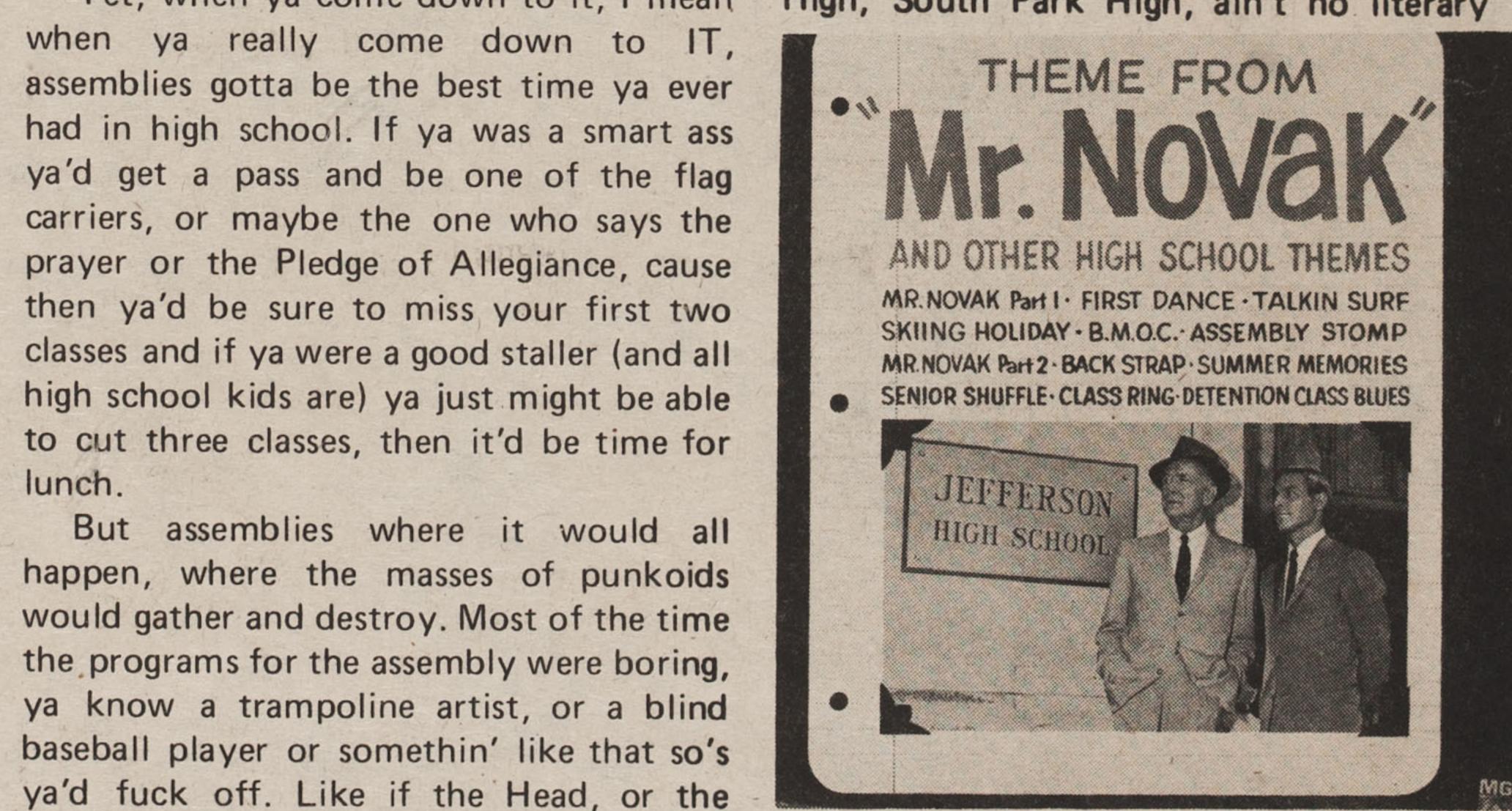


SOINOU

Cause I just know, come Monday Stomp, stomp, stomp Chomp, chomp, chomp Hit 'em harder, hit 'em again, hit 'em

Harder, harder, HARDER!!!!'*

Common, even Kim Fowley ain't this mucha punk. This song is the essence, the That sure as hell tells it like it is, was, pure spirit of the high school and forever shall be. And ya never saw any troublemaker, the high school punk. Man, of this on the Mr. Novak show, or that this kid would eat Mr. Novak alive if he poor excuse for a high school in Room had a chance, and Dean Jagger, he 222. My god, Walt Whitman High School, wouldn't even make it through lunch the name even sucks, where I come from its East High, Seneca Vocational, Riverside Yet, when ya come down to it, I mean High, South Park High, ain't no literary



Principal, was talkin' you'd burp real loud, names or shit like that, its rock 'n' roll or just plain fall asleep, or if there was a schools what it is.

silent moment there was always someone Besides these songs/titles there's the who could fart, real loud and real long, on "Senior Shuffle": 'Gonna boogie in the gym/Gonna boogie with that slim/waisted, Anyway, on this record there's this song wasted chick, slick/Sure, but who ain't called the "Assembly Stomp" how when ya/Go do the Senior Shuffle." This anybody ever was able to capture the song's okay, 'cept ya don't Boogie when essence of the whole concept of assembly you're in high school, that comes when you're in college and smokin dope and all that. When you're in high school, YA FUCKIN DANCE, and nobody should ever forget that. The boogie sucks, as a word and as a concept.

Also included are "Class Rings," "Talkin' Surf," "Back Strap," and "B.M.O.C." And ya know when ya come down to it, just the titles alone are worth the price of admission. Let's hear it for high school, I wanna go back, I wanna go back . . .

-Fernbacher ... *Copyright: Fuck You All Music, 1969

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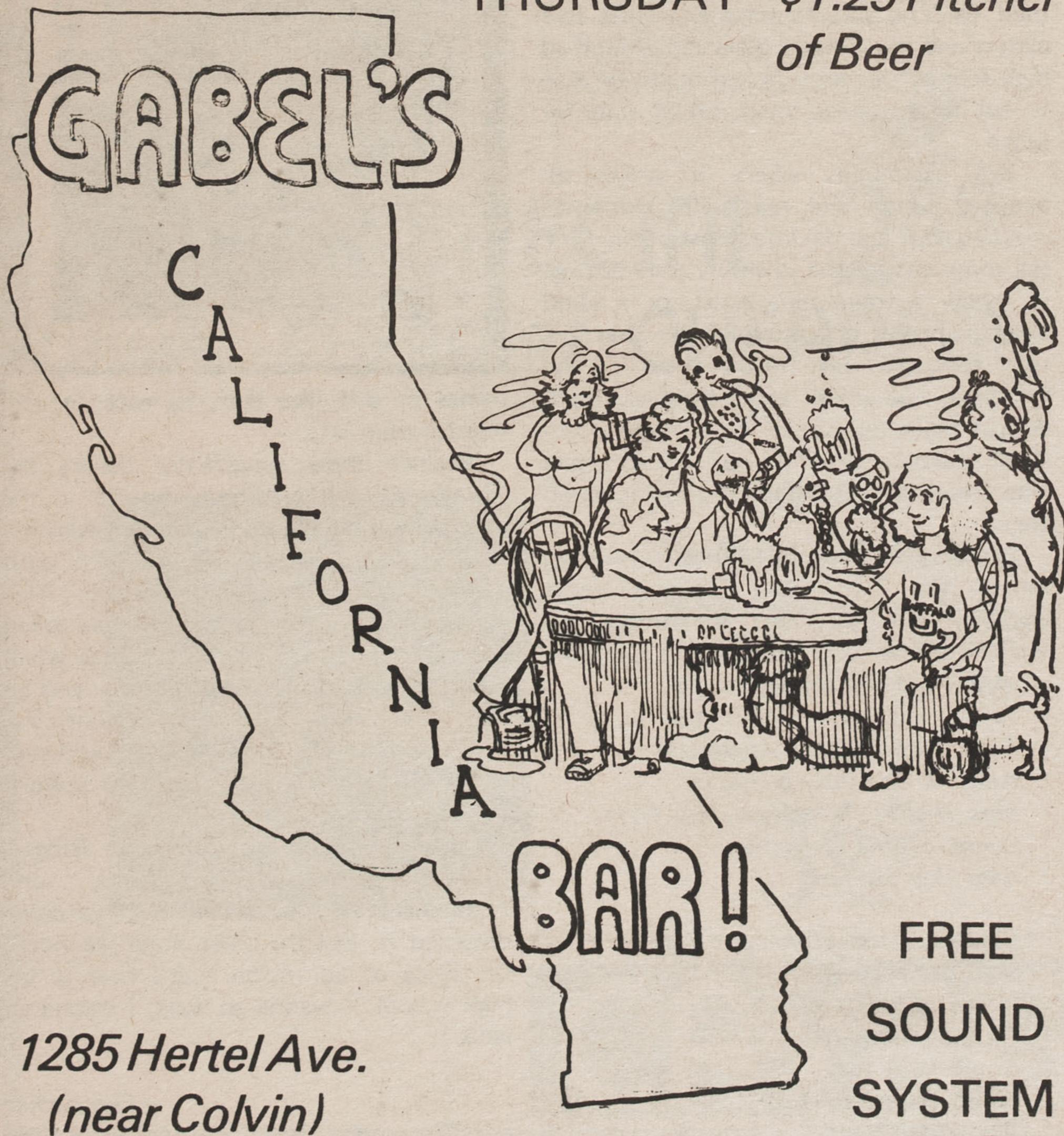
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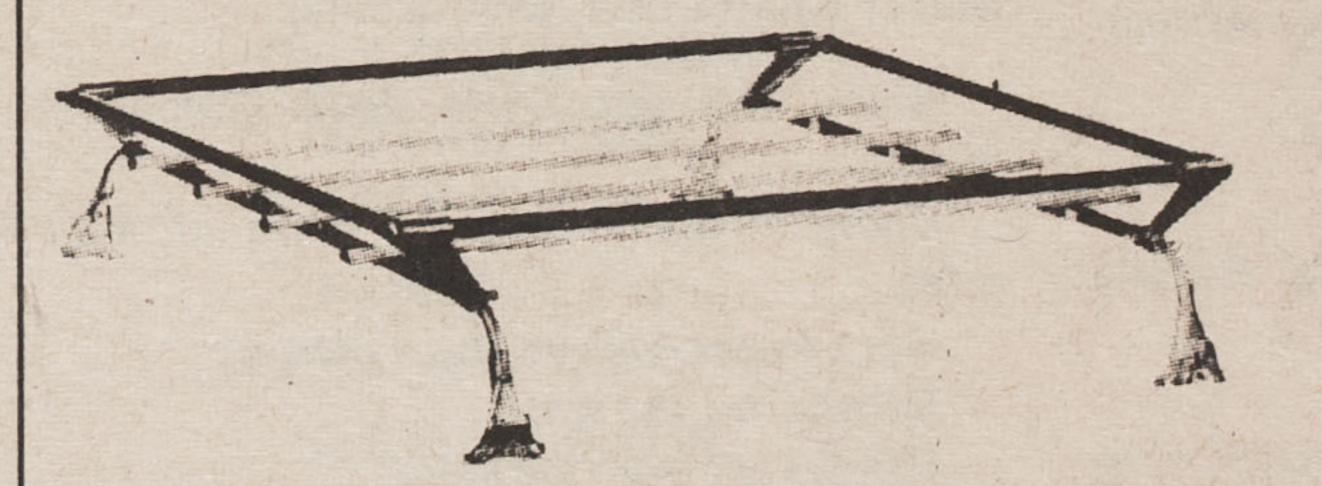
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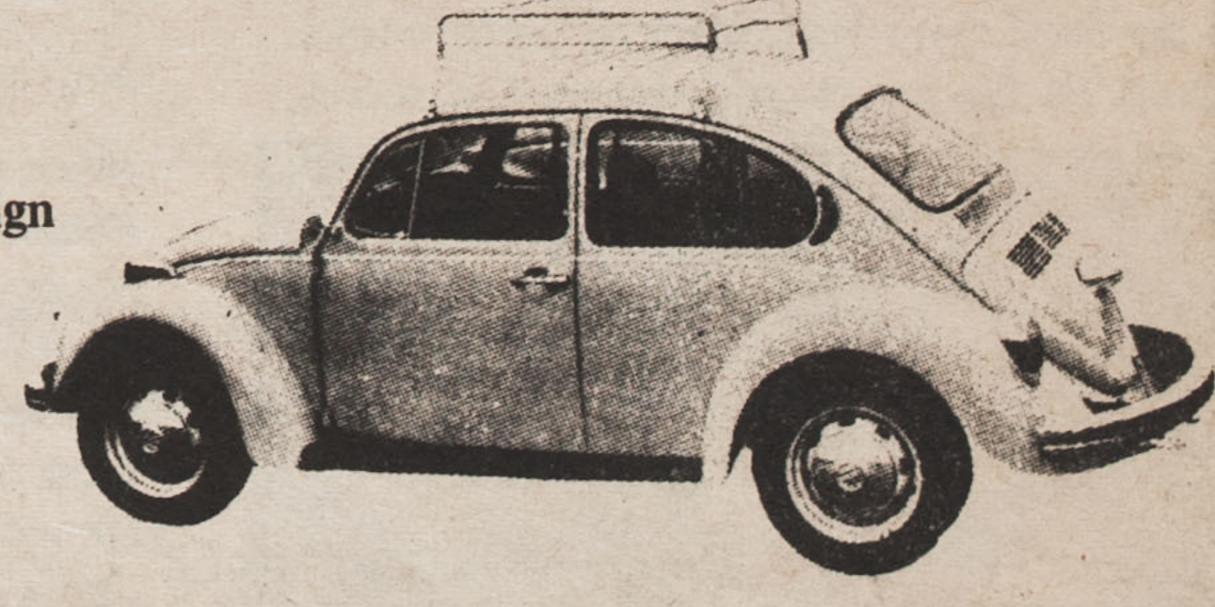
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